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[PART ONE]

# IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE

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**Prepared and Edited by**

**Thos. W. H. FitzGerald**

Assisted by Eminent Specialists in Every Branch of Science, Literature and Art

# IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE

AN

## ENCYCLOPEDIA OF IRISH BIOGRAPHY

TOGETHER WITH A

## POPULAR HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN ERIN

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN

## APPENDIX OF COPIOUS NOTES AND USEFUL TABLES

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BY

THOS. W. H. FITZGERALD

AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT AND MODERN IRELAND: A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF THE EMERALD ISLE," ETC.

CHICAGO  
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THOMAS MOORE.







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## DEDICATION OF BOOK I

To the Thousand Twentieth Century distinguished Men and Women  
whose lives are recorded in

IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE,

this preliminary step in the history of the marvelous achievements  
of the Race, is sincerely and affectionately  
dedicated by The Editor.

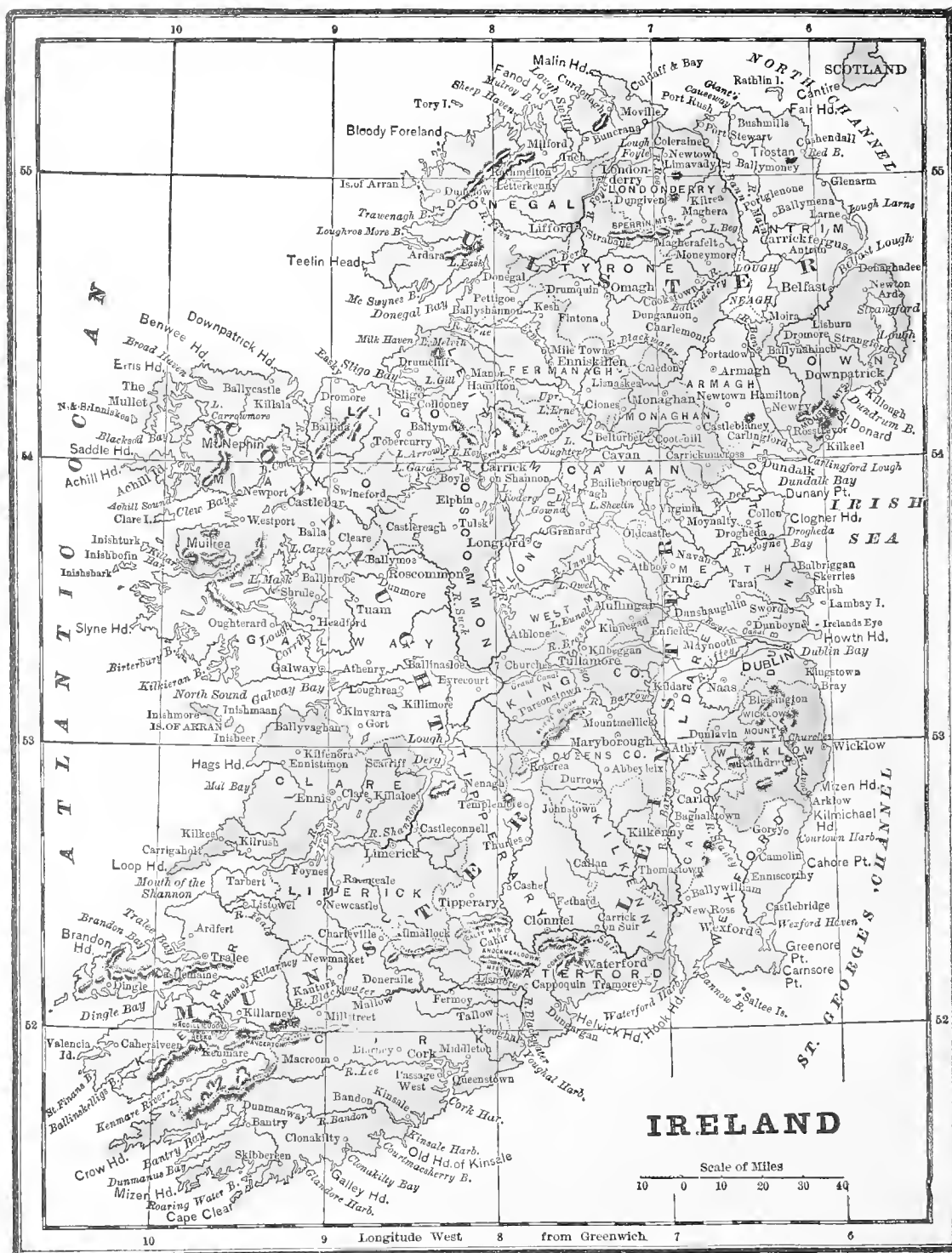
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"Words are things; and a little drop of ink,  
Falling like dew upon a thought,  
Makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

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"Th' lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."





## ENCYCLOPEDIA OF IRISH BIOGRAPHY

### NATIVES OF IRELAND

**BURKE**, Edmund, an illustrious orator, statesman, philosopher, philanthropist and author, "the grandest name in the history of political literature," was born at Dublin, Ireland, in January, 1730. His father, Richard Burke, son of a gentleman of landed property in County Cork, was a leading attorney in Dublin. His mother (Mary Nagle, her maiden name) was descended from Sir Richard Nagle, attorney general for Ireland in the time of James II. Edmund Burke was the second of three sons, who, with a daughter, were all that reached maturity of a family of fourteen children. Young Burke, whose health in childhood was very frail, being sent to live with his grandmother in County Cork, was put to a village school where he remained about five years. In 1740, with his two brothers, he was placed at a Quaker Seminary at Ballitore in County Kildare. Here under the care of Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker, and an excellent teacher he spent three years and laid the foundation of invaluable mental habits. As a school boy he displayed those traits of character and germs of those powers which finally brought him greatness. In 1744 Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his class attainments were not uncommon, but the number and range of his studies were remarkable and it appears that he spent three hours every day while at college reading in the public library. In 1750 he left Dublin for London, England, to study law. Among the students there he soon became a great

favorite, distinguished by the variety of his acquirements, the brilliancy of his talents as well as his gracious manners. He, however, applied himself more to literature than to law, devoting a great deal of his time to writing for the magazines and newspapers. Burke published in 1756 "A Vindication of Natural Society," a work, apparently an imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, was in reality a satire upon that celebrated author. "The imitation of Bolingbroke's style and manner," says Prior, "was so perfect as to constitute identity rather than resemblance." The noble author's style of writing was greatly admired, yet Burke's remarkable imitation was so perfect that many eminent critics believed it a genuine work of Lord Bolingbroke and indeed nothing in the latter's works can be found to surpass it in brilliancy of style and flow of language. A few months later, Burke published his "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," which procured for the author the esteem of the first literary men of the day. By too great application, Burke, in 1757, brought himself into a state of ill health and consequently he applied to Dr. Christopher Nugent, a leading physician of Bath. There he became acquainted with Mary Jane Nugent, the doctor's daughter, and soon afterwards they were married. The marriage proved a singularly happy one; "every care," Burke used to say, "at once vanishes when I enter my own house." His friendship was now eagerly sought by

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the most eminent men of the day. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great scholar and lexicographer, would brook no contradiction from any one save Burke, though the latter was twenty years his junior. In 1764, the famous Literary club of London was founded by Reynolds, Johnson, Nugent, Goldsmith and Burke. In 1761, he had returned to Dublin with "Single Speech" Hamilton as Irish secretary and though he remained there only a few months that was sufficient for him to note the hoary castle abuses,—the monstrous, degrading penal laws against the Catholics, the notorious restrictions on Irish trade and industry, the bigotry, corruption and blindness of the Dublin Parliament, the jobbery and extravagance of administration, the absenteeism of landlords and all the unenlightened elements of that fatal, stupid policy which were then in full force in Ireland. These iniquitous abuses made a lasting impression on the sensitive mind of Burke, whose chief political principles were a burning zeal for order and a passion for equity and justice. With regard to his own country he showed a knowledge of Irish affairs, and sympathy with her people, worthy of the highest statesmanship. He had a kindly feeling for the ancient faith; his mother and wife had been brought up in that religion, and he always advocated a broad and liberal policy towards its members. In 1765 he became private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, when that nobleman was prime minister of England and, the same year, he entered Parliament as member for Wendover. His Parliamentary life extended continuously to 1794, nearly 30 years of public life conspicuous in the eyes of all the world passed in the service of rectitude, justice, liberty, of public and private morality, a career without a stain. He was successively member for Wendover, Bristol and Malton,—all English constituencies. He took a leading part in all debates and soon proved himself an able and ready speaker,—astonishing every one by the power of his wonderful oratory, the extent and variety of his comprehensive knowledge. His eloquence almost at once gave him the reputation of being "the first man in the House of Commons;" he was already known as "the first man in England." The corrupt times were unfavorable for a new man who had neither wealth nor family influences to recommend him, only his natural talents to rely on for advancement, and whose strong convictions and inflexible principles unfitted him to be an instrument of mere court or party interests; and yet, though poor and unknown surmounting all difficulties he rose by patient, indefatigable toil and personal merit, with a pure reputation and an unsullied conscience. He brought into the arena of politics a deep horror of crime, a sincerity, a humanity, a sensibility almost unknown. He was noble minded, pure in private life as well as pure in politics. He constantly insisted throughout his career upon a high moral plain in the conduct of public business. Burke did not enter Parliament like many at the dawn of youth, but at the mature age of 35, having had ample time to train himself thoroughly; learned in law, history, philosophy, literature, master of a universal erudition. But what chiefly distinguished him from all other men was a deep, comprehensive intellect, which, exercised by philosophical studies and writings, seized the general aspects of things and beyond superficial views, public

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opinion and misleading figures, perceived the inevitable trend of coming events, covering with well-merited contempt the unenlightened statesmanship of his time. To all those powers of mind which constitute the practical man of affairs, he added all the energies of heart which constitute an enthusiast. He now purchased a handsome villa or country seat with 600 acres attached, at Beaconsfield (near London) which continued to be his principal residence during the remainder of his life. In the contest between England and the American colonies, Burke distinguished himself as a vehement opponent of the selfish, stupid policy of King George and his prime minister, Lord North. In 1771 he was rewarded for his thorough knowledge of American affairs by being appointed agent for New York, in which position he received 700 pounds a year. In 1774 he delivered his great speech against American taxation without representation, and also distinguished himself as the peerless advocate of Catholic emancipation and economic reform. As the ties between the American colonies and England became more strained, Burke came to the front, as the ablest advocate of conciliation and peace. The mule-like obstinacy of King George and Lord North, the blindness of the English people, as well as the notorious corruption of Parliament prevented the immortal orations of Burke on America from producing as general conviction and effect as they did unbounded admiration. The best, perhaps, of Burke's writings and speeches belong to this period and may be described as an heroic defense of wise, constitutional statesmanship against the prevailing abuse, corruption and misgovernment. Among the finest of Burke's efforts are his immortal speeches at the trial of Warren Hastings (in 1788) and the equally famous ones against American Taxation (in 1774), the speech on Conciliation and Peace with America (in 1775), and the celebrated letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol in favor of Irish trade and Catholic emancipation (in 1780),—all advocating sound and liberal measures, which, if carried out, would have averted untold suffering, loss of life and immense waste of treasure in Ireland, India and America. These efforts may perhaps be regarded as the most splendid monuments of his peerless oratory and statesmanship. When (in 1780) the people of Bristol were alienated from him by his advocacy of the just claims of the Catholics and the development of trade in Ireland, he was the first to maintain the independence of members of Parliament,—that "they should not be mere machines simply to vote for measures approved by their constituencies, but men and thinkers chosen carefully to weigh, consider and legislate for the good of the Nation." In 1782 he was made a privy councillor and Paymaster of the Forces. He conducted this office with strict economy, sacrificing all the official, customary perquisites, and exhibited a rare integrity almost unknown among public men of his time. This office was one of the most lucrative under the government, but at once Burke brought in a bill of reform by which 25,000 pounds (the usual emoluments which all his predecessors had received) were saved to the state and lost to himself. This extraordinary, patriotic unselfishness is a typical illustration of the high rectitude by which his whole life had been guided. In 1783 he went out of office with the Whig administration and never afterward became

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a member of the government. The next great business in which Burke was engaged was the celebrated impeachment of Warren Hastings. For many years the affairs of India absorbed Burke's attention. There were indeed few men whose mind could grasp a subject so intricate and vast, and fewer still who had the necessary courage and industry to grapple with the immense mass of details with which it was encumbered. Burke, however, triumphed over all difficulties and discouragements. His immortal four days' speech at the opening of the trial and at the conclusion his nine days' oration were among the grandest efforts of his marvelous power. The monstrous cruelty and oppression with which Hastings and other officers of the East India Company had been guilty, filled Burke's soul with infinite pity and indignation. In describing the atrocities perpetrated in India, he drew such a picture as stirred the vast audience to a point bordering on frenzy. Several ladies shrieked and others fainted from irrepressible excitement, among the latter being the celebrated actress, Mrs. Sarah Siddons. As he proceeded and by a flood of the most thrilling and electrifying eloquence, "drove even the cool and intrepid Hastings beyond all self-control and made him cry out with protests and exclamations like a criminal writhing under the scourge." Had the verdict been speedily given Hastings would undoubtedly have been found guilty, but the final decision was not rendered for several years, when he was finally acquitted, not from proofs of innocence of the criminal charges against him, but from reasons of state and party policy, that "careful, just and exemplary conduct should not be required or exacted for a governor of unfortunate India!" Though the impeachment was not carried, yet the unconquerable and herculean labors of Burke in behalf of India paved the way to radical reforms in the administrative system of that country. Burke's stand at the opening of the French Revolution gave great offense to many of his own party, the Whigs. Here his genius shone with transcendent lustre; deserted by the Whig party with which he had so long acted, he stood alone and like a prophet of old gave timely warning of the danger resulting from those great principles of liberty and freedom, when carried to extremes, especially when separated from morality and religion. Burke looked on the fearful French upheaval, understood its meaning, its causes, its character, its end. He saw that it was controlled by a spirit of destruction, wrestling against the established institutions of civilization. Burke, like Washington, was a conservative lover of freedom; he had never been an advocate of extreme democratic principles, but believed what time approved should not be hastily set aside, or condemned until experience proved it false and pointed out a way to improvement. "He was, indeed, the ideal statesman in whom the desire for progress is held in check by a profound regard for the principles of order and continuity." These were the matured convictions of his well-poised mind and therefore he looked upon the French Revolution with grave misgivings. As if inspired with the gift of prophecy, he had foreseen its coming, and when it came he foretold its horrors. In consequence of this stand, a separation took place between him and Fox, but before this "parting of the ways" Burke published in 1790 his "Reflections on the



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Revolution in France" whose success has perhaps never been equaled in the history of political literature. It was at once translated into French and eagerly read in all parts of Europe and America. So great was the influence of his name, his masterly logic and powerful eloquence that his "Reflections" completely arrested the spread of the extreme French spirit in Great Britain and tended materially to check its progress throughout Europe. The bloody and terrible events which soon followed in France proved his marvelous foresight was perhaps even more remarkable than his eloquence; it raised Burke's fame to the highest point so that he undoubtedly well merited the lofty eulogy that "his letter on the French Revolution was the most magnificent political prophecy ever given to the world." His parliamentary career was one long battle with the various forms of oppression, tyranny and misgovernment and was now drawing to a close. He had fought nobly for noble causes during his long public life: against the crimes of power in the British Isles; the savage excesses of the people in France; the monstrous cupidity of monopolists in India. He had defended with indefatigable research and rare unselfishness the child-like Hindoos tyrannized over by inhuman British greed. He had been everywhere the uncompromising champion of principle, the persecutor of vice and crime. He had brought to the attack all the forces of his wonderful knowledge, his lofty reason, his splendid style, and the tireless ardor of a moralist and a knight. In 1794, after an unbroken, illustrious career in parliament extending from 1766, he retired, receiving the well-merited thanks of Parliament for his numerous public services

and rewarded by the Government with a pension of 1200 pounds a year. He left his only son, Richard, member of Parliament for Wendover. Richard Burke, in his 36th year, a man of superior talents and great moral worth, died before the close of the year. The intense grief occasioned by this irreparable loss doubtless tended to shorten the father's life. Burke, like Washington and Cincinnatus, retired at the close of his public life to his farm. At Beaconsfield, his country seat, he passed his last years in study, attending to his large correspondence, and the management of his fine estate. His conversational power was remarkable. Perhaps no other man ever possessed in an equal degree the power of throwing a flood of light over every subject that was started in familiar discourse. His imagination was rich and glowing; his heart full; his mind stored to abundance; his words choice and glowing. In the celebrated literary club where Goldsmith, Reynolds and Johnson were members, Burke was always a leading star. The superiority of this immortal statesman is nowhere more conspicuous than in his published works. For the inexhaustible storehouse of deep thought, rich illustration and profound political wisdom, embodied and preserved in his works, the debt of gratitude of all future generations is due to the memory of Edmund Burke. During Burke's illustrious career he rendered more important service to the cause of humanity than any other man of his time in Europe. Burke found great satisfaction in farming in which he possessed much practical knowledge. His health however gradually failed and he finally expired, surrounded by his family and friends, July 9, 1797 and was

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interred at Beaconsfield, in accordance with his expressed wishes. For several hours before the end he busied himself in writing to various absent friends, expressing his forgiveness of all injuries and desiring the same in return. He then requested one of his attendants to read to him Addison's essay on the immortality of the soul. In private life Burke was exceedingly amiable, his charities were numerous, and many of his acts display the most kind and generous feelings. In his domestic relations he was exemplary and rarely has a man been so much and so deeply beloved by his friends. He blazed the way for the abolition of the slave trade, and the emancipation of the disfranchised Catholics. Burke ever advocated the cause of humanity in the colonies as well as at home against the prevailing greed of adventurers, landowners and others who regarded the common people, then as now, simply as available for plunder and he was the means of bringing about many important, radical reforms. He denounced in Parliament the Government's cruel employment of scalp-lifting, American Indians in war. To the aid of every cause which he advocated he brought a capacity for tireless research, an eloquence and sustained energy that has never been surpassed. "In the events," says the writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "which ended in the emancipation of the American colonies from the monarchy, Burke's political genius shone with an effulgence that was worthy of the great affairs on which it shed so magnificent an illumination. His speeches are almost the one monument of the struggle on which a lover of English greatness can look back with pride and a sense of worthiness. Burke's attitude in these high transactions is really more impressive than Chatham's because he was far less theatrical than Chatham and while he was no less nobly passionate for freedom and justice in his passion was fused the most strenuous political argumentation and sterling reason of state." It should not be forgotten the great and permanent influence he exercised on the affairs of state in his time and for all time; many of his views in politics and economics were anticipations of our most advanced political science, so many of his provisions, or warnings of coming events, proved to be true prophecies. Possessing precise, abundant imagination, keen powers of observation, there was apparently no subject he could not master and none he could not expound with unparalleled richness of language. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* says: "Burke was a man, who, whether as a statesman, a thinker or an orator was without an equal. Fox and Pitt were great, but Burke belongs to another order of beings. He embodied his conclusions in a style more grandly beautiful than has ever been reached by any Englishman with either tongue or pen." Macaulay says: "In aptitude to comprehension and richness of imagination Edmund Burke is superior to every orator ancient or modern." However small his means he was ever ready to assist others. He many times helped his improvident countryman, James Barry the artist, and saved Crabbe the poet from a debtor's prison. "He was tall and vigorous, of dignified deportment, with massive brow and stern expression; he had an air of command. He spoke with a slight Irish accent; his voice was of great compass; invective, sarcasm, metaphor and argu-

ment followed hard after one another,—his powers of description were gorgeous, his scorn was sublime,—his political wisdom is for all ages,—his imperial fancy and commanding eloquence excited universal admiration. No parliamentary orator has ever moved his audience as he now and then did. His pre-eminence and views shocked and disgusted his aristocratic opponents in the House of Commons. It was grievous to them to find themselves helpless before the attacks of what they termed this 'Irish adventurer,' a man whom they would jealously exclude from all the high offices of state. Burke was too good an Irishman to be unmindful of the needs of his native land. He saw clearly that the only means of bettering her condition was the admission of his countrymen to all the privileges enjoyed by Englishmen, by the removal of trade restrictions and by the relief of Catholics. The Catholics of Ireland looked upon him as their champion. In the cause of justice and humanity he invariably displayed a spirit as uncompromising as it was disinterested and lofty. For the best years of his mature life, with no interest but duty, with no reward but from his conscience, the unbought advocate of the friendless and the oppressed he poured forth that mighty eloquence which will ever adorn our literature whilst goodness is honored and genius admired." John Morley, the eminent English liberal statesman, in a public address, describes Burke as not only the greatest statesman of his time but as in the very front rank of the great thinkers of the world. Daniel Webster, Phillips and Lowell were ardent admirers of Burke and careful students of their masterpieces will learn that all these statesmen were deeply in-

debted to him not only for thought, but for noble forms of expression. Every American statesman, it may be observed, from Washington, Hamilton, Webster, and Sumner down to Abraham Lincoln has quoted Burke as the greatest political thinker of all times. "Of all the men who are," says Burke's accomplished biographer, Dr. Parr, "or who ever have been eminent for energy, or splendor of eloquence or for skill and grace in composition, there is not one, who in genius or erudition, in philosophy, in philanthropy, or piety or in any of the qualities of a wise and good man, surpasses Burke." "The standard edition of Burke is that of Prof. Campbell Fraser, with a life and dissertations (4 vols., new edition 1902)." There is a fine portrait of Burke by his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

**GOLDSMITH, Oliver**, a high name in the history of universal literature, was born at Pallas, a little hamlet in County Longford, Ireland, not far from Ballymahon. It was in the old parsonage house there that Oliver, the sixth of nine children, first saw the light on the 10th of November, 1728. His father, Charles Goldsmith, a humble curate of the established church had little wealth save this heritage of children, with a wretched salary of forty pounds a year, which his simplicity and moderation made sufficient, with virtues which the pious love of his son has made enduringly beautiful and foibles that, while they do not detract from our reverence, perhaps, increase our love. Little Oliver was only two years old when his father's fortunes mended. He succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, in the neighboring county of Westmeath, with nearly 200 pounds a year, and, thereupon took up

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his abode on the confines of the village of Lissoy, in a farmhouse "whose crumbling and roofless walls are still shown to the tourist." There are memories still lingering about the spot of the "dull boy" who seemed so "impenetrably stupid" to good dame Delap, the village school-mistress. From her hands he passed in his sixth year under the rule of Thomas Byrne, an old soldier "who after fighting under Marlborough took to the severer work of a country school-master," whom the poet immortalized in his poem, "The Deserted Village." If the boy learned little book-lore, he filled his mind with poetic seed which, though late to germinate, was destined to bear fruit and flower that never should perish. The legends of the country were all familiar to him, and the harp of O'Carolan often delighted his ears. In his eighth year he was seized with smallpox in its most virulent form; he had a hard struggle for life, and retained deep and terrible marks of the conflict. No sooner had he recovered than he went to reside with his uncle, John Goldsmith, in order to attend a school at Elphin. A sad life of it he had at school. "Ill-favored, ungainly, eccentric, slow at his books, heavy in his manners, and simple as a child," he was looked on as an "easy mark" and made the butt for every cowardly and ill-natured bully; but he knew how at times to average himself with a smart repartee or a flash of wit, or to vanquish his tormentors with an exhibition of good humor and kindly nature. In three years more he was sent to a school at Athlone, whence in two years after he passed to one in Edgeworthstown and many interesting anecdotes of him have been collected during his sojourn there of three years, by the industry of Sir James Prior. It was now decided that he should enter college, but his father was too poor to pay his charges, and so by the advice and encouragement of his uncle Contarine, he stood for and obtained a sizarship in Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th of June 1745. The menial duties which sizars had then to perform were aggravating to his shy, sensitive nature, by the harshness of his tutor, who persecuted the poor, friendless lad with a mean enmity that was never relaxed during his college course. In the beginning of 1747 his father died. Scanty as his means had heretofore been, they were now diminished, and, but for occasional loans and gifts from his best of friends, his uncle Contarine, it would have gone hard with him to sustain life; and Prior tells us that he used to write street ballads to save himself from starving, sell them for five shillings each, and steal out of college at night to hear them sung. But generous, unselfish, improvident, and ever ready to yield to impulse, he spent the money the moment he got it, —sometimes foolishly, sometimes nobly; "giving to even a poorer man than himself,"—and when the money was gone his clothes would go after them at the call of charity. To one starving creature with five crying children, a fellow-student declares, he gave the blankets off his bed and crept into the ticking for shelter from the cold! In 1747 an event occurred that was near terminating his student life: a bailiff had dared to invade the sanctuary of the college and arrest a student. The collegians rushed into the street, seized the bailiff, put him under the college pump, and then attempted to break open the jail: a battle ensued and lives were lost. Goldsmith

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was amongst the offenders, and was publicly admonished, while others were expelled. He now applied himself more diligently to his studies, and though he failed in gaining a scholarship he was awarded an exhibition; thereupon he gave a dance in his rooms. Wilder, his tyrannical tutor, burst in upon the festivity, abused Oliver, who retorted and was knocked down by Wilder. The young man's indignation was so strong that he sold his books and left the college with the intention of leaving the kingdom; but the money vanished in a few days. His brother Henry found him starving, and, having supplied his necessities, induced him to return to college and apply to his studies; the result of which was that he obtained a premium in 1748. The following February, Goldsmith took his degree of B. A. and returned to his mother, who was then living at Ballymahon. His friends now wished him to prepare for the church. But for this he had no relish and so he passed his time idly,—dreaming, writing verses, frequenting the tavern club, singing songs, playing the flute, rambling through the country, and sometimes assisting his brother Henry, who was now curate of Lissoy, in the drudgery of teaching his scholars. When two years were thus passed, he was twenty-three. Next he got a tutorship, which he threw up in a year. Then he started for Cork to go to America, but spent all his money on the road and returned to Ballymahon upon a lean and hungry horse. His friends now took counsel and decided that Oliver should study law. A purse was made up to which his worthy uncle Contarine contributed fifty pounds. No sooner, however, had he reached Dublin than he lost his money in a gambling-house, returned in disgrace, found the door of his justly-irrated mother's house closed against him and took shelter with that uncle, who seemed ever ready to forgive and befriend him. Once more uncle Contarine's pocket supplied him and in 1754 he was a medical student at Edinburgh, Scotland. After two years' study ("diversified by occasional outbreaks of his characteristic thoughtlessness, lack of self-control, imprudence, love of pleasure and excitement") he went to Leyden. How he got on there, it is hard to say, and, though he attended lectures on anatomy and on chemistry, it is probable he attended less to his professional studies than to the acquisition of general knowledge. Whether from want of money or want of qualification, he does not appear to have taken a degree in medicine and, after nearly a year's residence, he left Leyden "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back and a flute in his hand." Oliver was now twenty-six years old, ardent, inquisitive, improvident, yet self-reliant. In February 1755 he went forth to gratify one of the most passionate, romantic longings of his soul: to see the moral, intellectual and physical features of the countries of Southern Europe; to study men and manners. Of the incidents of his travel it is to be regretted that he kept no accurate record; we track him from place to place by his letters and learn his feelings and impressions in the immortal works which he afterwards gave to the world. He went to Louvain, where it is supposed he took his degree of M. D., he wandered through Flanders and France, indebted often to his flute for bed and board. "Whenever," he says "I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most

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merry tunes and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day." In Paris he is said to have made the acquaintance of several distinguished men; and in his rambles through Switzerland he visited Geneva and conversed with Voltaire, Diderot, and Fontenelle. Thence he passed over the Alps into Italy, seeing Florence, Verona, Mantua and Milan; and so, after some further rambling he fought his way towards England, walking from city to city, examining mankind more nearly, and as he says himself, "seeing both sides of the picture." It was in February, 1756, that he found himself in London. Who can say what were the shifts and struggles for life of the unknown and penniless stranger? No relief came from home; he could not, without a "written character," obtain the post even of an apothecary's drudge. He lived, as he afterwards said,—“among the beggars in Axe Lane.” At last a former fellow-student of Edinburgh helped him with purse and interest, and he commenced to practice as a physician amongst the humble folks of Bankside. This was little better than starvation and so he got an introduction to Richardson, and became his reader and corrector of the press. Next he went to superintend a school at Peckham during the illness of the master, Dr. Milner, and there he became acquainted with Griffiths the bookseller and proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. Griffiths discovered his value, though he drove a hard bargain with him, working him like a galley-slave for a wretched salary and his board and lodging. For five months Goldsmith toiled and suffered till toil and suffering became intolerable and then he quarrelled with his task-master. His shifts to support existence were now as desperate as ever. Once again he went to Dr. Milner; then he returned to London to write and starve,—“in a garret, writing for bread and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score.” At last in 1758, he obtained an appointment as medical officer to one of the factories on the coast, but was rejected at the examination. Back again he was, as by a fatality, thrown upon literature and so he wrote for the *Critical Review* the opponent of the *Monthly*. Once more he worked for Griffiths and produced a very readable “*Life of Voltaire*.” Meanwhile he had applied every spare moment in preparing a work which he was long meditating, that is,—“*Essay on the Polite Literature of Europe*.” To this he looked as that which was to give him a permanent place in literature,—something beyond a mere hack-writer of popular essays. Out it came, published by the Dobsleys in April, 1759. It was in advance of any similar effort in that day. “No one,” justly remarks John Forster, “was prepared in a treatise so grave, for a style so enchantingly graceful.” A reputation came with it, though not much wealth, for he was still improvident, unworldly, unbusiness-like and indigent; but, better than mere wealth, came in the acquaintance of Percy and others, but above all, of Dr. Johnson. Shortly after he was engaged to bring out in weekly numbers, the *Bee*, which appeared in October, 1759. It had not the success it deserved and, notwithstanding some charming essays, died after its eighth number. Newberry and Smollet now enlisted him to aid in the *Public Ledger*; in which appeared those delightful letters which were afterwards collected under the title of “*The Citizen of the World*.” Other literary labors

he undertook at the same time, for he now began to be valued and sought; and leaving his miserable room in Green Arbour Court, he took lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, in 1760. Here it was that his intercourse with Johnson became more intimate. "The giant of English literature had stamped him with his imprimatur," and with Percy, bishop of Dromore, dined with him. Other great names were soon enrolled in the list of his friends,—Reynolds, Hogarth, Garrick, and Burke. His life was now easier, though his lively temperament and reckless disregard of money kept him still only just above want. Too hard work brought failing health, and in 1762 he removed to the purer air of the then suburban Islington. It was in the following year that he published the "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,"—the basis of his after "History of England." The work came out anonymously with great success and was attributed to Lord Chesterfield, Lord Orrery, and Lord Lyttleton. A high honor now awaited him,—one for which the highest in birth might sue in vain,—he was admitted as one of the original members of that distinguished social galaxy, which, some years after, obtained the name of the Literary Club. Whatever might have been the precarious income which Goldsmith picked up by his multifarious writings, it did not keep him out of extravagance and debt; and so we find him, in 1764, about to be arrested by his landlady for rent. In this dilemma he applied to Johnson, who sent him a guinea and followed it soon after. He found poor Goldsmith had converted the guinea into a bottle of madeira, which he was drinking in a state of great excitement. Johnson corked the bottle and calmed the poet. "He then told me," says Johnson, "that he had a novel ready for the press which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller sold it for sixty pounds." This was the world-renowned "Vicar of Wakefield." Strange to say, Johnson did not seem fully to estimate its merits and thought it well paid for. So too, thought the purchaser, for he kept the manuscript over till after the publication of "The Traveller." This poem had been the thoughtful labor of many an hour. In it were treasured the philosophic reflections of his two years' travel over Europe, expressed in language which had received again and again the careful polish of many a moment snatched from other work. It was published by Newberry, Dec. 16, 1764, bearing the author's name and dedicated to his brother Henry in Ireland. By those who were best calculated to pronounce a judgment, the merit of the poem was at once recognized. "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time," said Johnson; and others accorded as high praise. Johnson's eulogy is fully deserved and "The Traveller" is still among the most perfect examples of its style. Langdon remarked, "there is not a bad line in that poem;" and Fox pronounced it "one of the first poems in the English language." The reviews and literary journals then began to see its beauties and at last the general public believed in it. Edition after edition was called for and translations were made into more than one continental language; and for this immortal poem he received only twenty guineas! Goldsmith's reputation was now placed on a solid basis.

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so that some of his previous writings were collected and published with his name. An anecdote singularly illustrative of Goldsmith's unselfish, child-like nature is recorded. The duke of Northumberland sent for him; told him he had read his poem and was much delighted with it; and as he was going to Ireland said he would be glad to do him any kindness: to which Goldsmith replied that he "had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help." But he asked nothing for himself. "Thus," says the narrator of the interview, "did this idiot in the affairs of the world, trifle with his fortunes and put back the hand that was held out to assist him!" But while rejecting other offers of this kind and failing to improve opportunities of patronage, he was induced once more to look for professional success, thinking that his literary reputation would now aid him. Accordingly we find him turning out in June 1765, to practice medicine, "in purple silk small-clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure buttoned close under the chin, a full-dress professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane." Alas! the attempt was a dead failure, productive only of annoyance to himself and amusement to his friends, who, much as they loved him, never spared him a banter. Indignantly he declared he would leave off prescribing for his friends. "Do so, my dear doctor," replied Beauclerc; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies." Passing over a year of literary labor upon works now little read, we come to, perhaps, the greatest of all his works, "The Vicar of Wakefield." On the 27th of March, 1766, it was published. Strange to say, its very simplicity and quiet truthfulness seemed at first to conceal its merits. It stole almost silently upon the world, without the eulogy of critics or the appreciation of wits. But the reading public, true to their instincts, soon showed their sympathy. "Admiration gathered slowly and steadily around it." Ere six months had passed, it had gone through three editions; and the author lived to see that amount doubled. "No book upon record," says Forster, "has obtained a wider popularity than the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and none is more likely to endure." Every reader in every civilized country of the world will bear testimony to the truth of this observation. It speaks to the heart as a picture of Wilkie's, full of beautiful domesticity; simplicity the most unaffected blended with philosophy the most practical; pathos the most touching set off by humor the most exquisite. True to nature, like truth and nature, it is imperishable,—the delight of every age, the consolation of many a heart. "We return to it again and again," says Scott, "and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." To multiply eulogies would be idle: it is one of those few works upon which no difference of opinion exists. With all this fame growing around his name, Goldsmith was still a poor, yet not an unhappy man; often without a guinea, yet never having one that he would not give to a poorer friend; still a hack-writer and a compiler. In his thirty-eighth year he placed in the hands of Garrick the manuscript of his first drama, "The Good-natured Man." Whether influenced by unworthy feelings towards Goldsmith, or undervaluing its merits, he received it coldly, let it lie over, and suggested alterations which the author



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rejected. The manuscript was withdrawn from Garrick and sent to his rival, Colman, by whom it was brought out at Covent Garden in January, 1768, the prologue being written by Johnson. The merits of this comedy did not secure it the success it deserved on the stage; and though it had a run of ten nights, it has never retained that hold which makes a "stock piece." Still the author's profits were over £400; and its success with the reading public counterbalanced its failure with the playgoers, as it went through four editions in quick succession. In June of the same year his brother Henry died; and while the poet's loving heart was in its freshest grief, he drew that exquisite picture of a village pastor, whose moral features are alike those of his father and brother. In addition to his rooms in the Temple, Goldsmith had now a retreat in a cottage on the Edgeware Road, whence he could wander away into pleasant lanes meditating, no doubt, the scenes of his "Deserted Village," and enjoying the society of his friends the Hornbecks. At the same time he was engaged on a "History of Rome;" an abridgment of which was published in 1769. Like his "History of England," published in 1771, it continued to enjoy almost an exclusive popularity as a school-book. They are written with a captivating simplicity and clearness, avoiding minute details, and presenting the great features of history so vividly that they sink into the memory while they delight the fancy. Amongst other works he was now actively engaged on the "History of the Earth and Animated Nature;" relieving his labors with the best and most attractive society of the day, and being a constant attendant at the club; making money now quite easily,

and spending it with not very sensible extravagance. In May, 1770, "The Deserted Village" was published. It was at once successful, and in less than three months had gone through five editions. Learned and unlearned, at home and abroad, all praised and read it. "Within the circle of its claims and pretensions," justly observes Forster, "a more entirely satisfactory and delightful poem was probably never written." Campbell well remarked, that the "ideal beauty of nature has seldom been united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of 'The Deserted Village.'" We must not omit a circumstance strongly illustrative of the character of Goldsmith, as it is highly honorable to him. Having received a note for £100, the price agreed for before the publication, a friend remarked it was a great price (five shillings a couplet) for so short a poem. "I think so too," replied Goldsmith; "it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth. I have not been easy since I received it." And so he returned the money; desiring the publisher to pay him when it should be ascertained what the poem was worth. Goldsmith's reputation was now at the highest; his picture had been painted by Reynolds and engraved by a famous expert, so that the profile of the poet was to be seen everywhere; and after a visit to France he was appointed professor of ancient history to the Royal Academy. In the meantime he was preparing another piece for the stage, the plot and the incidents in which were in no small measure supplied by his own youthful experiences. At length, after many delays, mortifications and misgivings on the part of Colman, "She Stoops to Conquer" was put

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upon the stage on the 15th of March, 1773. "It was received," says an eye-witness, "throughout with the greatest acclamation." Who that reads this piece can doubt its effect on the audience? What telling humor, what lively dialogue, what sprightly malice, what pictures of social life! No wonder that it was well received, or that it still delights the reader and the audience. To the last he was poor, because he was ultra-generous, and improvident; and a drudge, because he was poor. We shall not note the many works he prepared nor the compilations which he made. His "Animated Nature," though finished and paid for, did not appear till 1774. The value of the work in a scientific point of view is small, and has long been superseded; and though full of inaccuracies, it abounds with descriptions so charming and reflections so fine, that it must ever entertain, even where it fails to instruct. And now as we approach the end we find Goldsmith shining out in all his social qualities; courted, loved, laughed at, and returning the laughter; yet, in the solitude of his chamber, often depressed, despairing, and struggling with illness. The last scene in the literary drama is not the least brilliant. The moodiness of his manners at the club had become so remarkable that it was a constant source of amusement to his thoughtless, inconsiderate associates, and, in his absence a series of epitaphs were composed upon him, exposing (with a severity that friends somehow think themselves licensed to use) all his faults and his foibles. These were read to him at the club; that they pained him, is, we think, evident; but they roused his spirit too. He was called upon to retaliate, and he did so with a vengeance. The piece did not appear in its completeness till the hand that penned it was cold in the grave. But if a vindication of his genius, wit, depth of observation, and fine perception of the character of others were needed to protect his own from the depreciation of fools who would call him "idiot," he has furnished, in the poem of "Retaliation," a vindication the most complete. Upon his associates the effect was at once to surprise and confound. They feared and deprecated the keen satire of him whom they so recklessly provoked; and, as Scott observes, it "had the effect of placing him on a more equal footing with his society than he had ever assumed before." Forster says justly, "The lines on Garrick are quite perfect writing. Without anger, the satire is finished, keen, and uncompromising; the wit is adorned by most discriminating praise; and the truth is all the more merciless for exquisite good manners and good taste." The last year which was to open for him found Goldsmith declining in health and spirits, overworked and harrassed by debt,— "working, wanting, asking, hoping, planning out fresh labor;" and, alas! indulging in what appears like extravagance and folly. He left town for a season; but a painful complaint, from which he had long been suffering, compelled his return in March. Temporary relief was obtained, but a low fever remained. He resisted the treatment prescribed by his medical attendants till it was too late. To disease was added distress of mind. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his physician. "No, it is not," were his last words. Then came one calm sleep, to be broken by convulsive struggles that ended in the repose of death on the 4th of April, 1774.

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"He died," says one of his biographers, "of a nervous fever brought on by over-work and worry, aggravated by his obstinate reliance on a popular nostrum." When his death became known, the staircase of his lodging was crowded by many heart-broken, genuine mourners who had no friends but himself,—beggars and outcasts of the great, solitary, heartless, wicked city,—to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. His intimate friends, (Reynolds, Garrick, Hogarth, Burke, Johnson and others), commemorated his genius both nobly and enduringly: In the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey, a marble monument was erected (designed by a famous sculptor) and on a marble slab beneath it was engraved the well-known, well-merited inscription by Dr. Johnson. Improvident by temperament he was always in debt, and died owing two thousand pounds, though he had received (during his fifteen years' residence in London), for his numerous works, over four times that amount. "Was poet," exclaims Washington Irving, "ever before so trusted!" He was, indeed, ultra-sympathetic and generous to a fault,—he had the kindest heart in the world. His marvelous success in literature within a few years, from a poor, friendless wanderer, in sordid, heartless London, to the highest position among the literary men of his time, coupled with his originality, naivete and idiosyncrasies, made him many bitter enemies. Hence, much of what we read, that tells to his discredit, originated with those who either disliked or envied him. No man, perhaps, except Byron and Rousseau, put so much of himself into his books as Goldsmith. He steadily refused to prostitute his pen to party, or seek worldly advantage, or the means of paying his debts by the sacrifice of his independence. "His positive legacy to the world of letters is of rare value: two excellent didactic and descriptive poems, some admirable occasional verse, many essays of signal merit, a novel that is still praised and a comedy that is still acted . . . and they are all animated by the same gentle and affectionate nature, display the same kindly humor, the same compassionate indulgence for poor humanity and they are all written in the same clear, graceful and unaffected style." "Goldsmith," it has been well said, "was the most natural genius of his time. He did not possess Johnson's mass of intellect, nor Burke's general force, but he wrote the finest poem, the most exquisite novel and the most delightful comedy of the period." A statue of Goldsmith by John Henry Foley, the distinguished Irish sculptor, was erected in 1864 in front of the poet's Alma Mater,—Trinity College, Dublin. A few more words of condensed criticism will, perhaps, be sufficient. As a prose writer Goldsmith must be placed very high: in style he is lucid, simple, beautiful; a master of pathos; a perfect delineator of sentiment and of manners; a delightful humorist, a fine moralist. As a poet, in the field which he chose, he has never been rivalled; nature, simplicity, truth and feeling, both in sentiment and description, pervade every line and make him the congenial poet of all mankind. As a dramatist, if he occupy not the very highest place, he has at least achieved even in this field an immortality. But over each and all, he has shed the mellow light of a refined genius, a benevolent, unselfish, generous nature and a tender heart. And of Goldsmith

the man: with his share of failings and human frailties he possessed uncommon, positive virtues that may fairly be held to redeem all his faults. Let it not be forgotten that he was known and honored by many eminent men of his time; that he was beloved by his numerous friends; that Edmund Burke burst into tears and Sir Joshua Reynolds flung his brush aside at the announcement of his death. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson, "he was a very great man." Yet, if they should be remembered, let us also not forget, as has been finely said by Forster: "He worthily did the work that was in him to do; proved himself in his garret a gentleman of nature; and left the world no ungenerous bequest." With posterity Goldsmith has been eminently fortunate, in this, that loving hands of many nations have cared for and helped to perpetuate his enduring fame. The industry of Sir James Prior, the genius of Washington Irving and the erudition and philosophy of John Forster have given Oliver Goldsmith to the world in all the versatile and varied features of his original mind, his rare genius and his unselfish, lovable character.

**BRIAN BORU** (Brian of the Tribute), the renowned monarch of Ireland, born in 926, was one of the most celebrated rulers in the whole range of Irish history. Brian, the acknowledged hero of his own clan, the Dalcassians, "who were first in the field and last to leave it," was, even in his youthful years, distinguished by his rare skill and bravery in resisting the encroachments of the people of Connaught as well as the inroads of the Danes. In the Southern province of Munster the Danes met with disaster from the bravery of Mahon,

king of that province, and his brother Brian, who, in 969, inflicted upon them so terrible a defeat in a great battle at the pass of Sulcoid, near Limerick, that they left 3,000 of the foreigners dead on the field of battle in addition to those who were slain in the pursuit. The Danes were driven pell-mell into Limerick by the victorious Irish, who, entering with them, again committed frightful slaughter; captured, sacked and burned the city, and put all the Danish inhabitants to the sword or reduced them to slavery. Having crushed the Danes in this part of the country, Brian upon the death of his brother, Mahon, who was basely murdered by some treacherous chiefs in 976, succeeded to the throne of Munster over which he ruled with great power and prosperity for a long period. The gallant Brian lost no time in wreaking a dreadful vengeance upon the murderers, who, though supported by a strong force of the Danes, were defeated near Mahon's grave, in the sanguinary battle of the Road of the Sepulchre, in which one of the assassins, named Molloy, was slain by Brian's eldest son, Murrough, then only fifteen years of age, who killed the murderer of his uncle with his own hand. King Brian after this victory determined to pursue his success against the Danish auxiliaries, who had fled early in the battle, and had thus exposed their Irish allies to a more disastrous defeat than they would otherwise have experienced. He proceeded to the holy isle of Scattery in the mouth of the Shannon, which with its eleven churches, and the shrine of St. Senan had been repeatedly plundered and ravaged by the Danish invaders, who had finally established themselves there, and made it their stronghold, from which

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they issued from time to time to desolate the surrounding coasts. Brian landed on the island with a strong force of Dalcassian warriors and slew with his own hand the Danish chieftain and his two sons, and drove the foreigners not only from Scattery, but also from all the smaller isles of the Shannon, which he plundered and laid desolate. In a subsequent engagement with Donovan (the remaining assassin of Mahon) that chieftain with all his Irish forces and Danish allies was cut off, and thus King Mahon's fate was fearfully avenged by his valiant brother. These repeated successes raised the reputation and influence of the king of Munster to such a degree that he soon became not only the terror of the Danes, but a dangerous rival to the nominal monarch. The crown of Ireland during the long struggle with the Danes gradually yielded to the ambition of the provincial kings or tributary chieftains, till in the 10th century the monarchy had become practically nominal,—little more in fact than a shadow. A long rivalry between the people of the North of Ireland and those of the South increased in proportion as the supreme guiding power became enfeebled and, gradually, the monarchs, who for centuries were restricted to one northern family, shrunk before the vigor of the Munster crown. Hence in the course of time, Ireland instead of being governed by one supreme ruler, became in fact divided into two distinct divisions, really independent of each other; the power of the nominal monarch being practically restricted to the northern half, while the southern half fell to the bold and ambitious kings of Munster. Gradually we find Brian aspiring to join

sovereignty of the island, the grand object of the ambition of many of his predecessors, whose efforts were at length crowned by his genius and political talents. Malachy II succeeded to the throne of Ireland in 980. In 983 an effort of the people of Leinster to rid themselves of the odious and humiliating tribute, which the kings of Munster had for a long time claimed of that province as a subordinate portion of the southern half of Ireland, brought Brian into collision with them and the monarch Malachy and perhaps first suggested that daring course which he successfully pursued till it conducted him to the imperial seat of Ireland. O'Phelan, prince of Desies (or Waterford), organized the confederacy which Gillapatric, prince of Ossory (or Kilkenny), and the Danes of Cork and Waterford joined. The active Brian was instantly in the field; he fell upon the whole body of the allies, routed them with great slaughter, entered Waterford, and broke up the confederacy; proceeded to Ossory, obtained hostages, and made the prince his prisoner, marched rapidly through Leinster, reduced it to obedience, and received in his tent acknowledgments of allegiance and homage from its chieftains. "Such," says Dr. Young, "was the early manifestations of that military genius which soon blazed forth, and shed its lustre upon his long career to its very close,—a genius which entitled him to the conspicuous position he subsequently held, and which qualified him for a wider sphere of action,—a genius which still recommends him to the historian and the poet." But these brilliant successes did not procure quiet for Brian; they appear only to have provoked the jealousy of Malachy, and prompted him

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to try his prowess against the provincial hero. While the latter was enforcing the Leinster tribute the monarch made a raid into Munster, and, among other injuries, ordered to be cut down that Royal Oak at Adair, under whose boughs the Dalcassian kings had long been inaugurated. Thus Brian and Malachy became openly embroiled with each other in a struggle for supremacy, which, with some intermissions, continued for nearly twenty years. Soon after Malachy invaded Leinster, which, according to the two-fold partition of the island before noticed, was under the dominion of Brian: this division of the country, which gave the sovereignty of the northern portion to the monarch and the southern to the crown of Munster, now engendered or fostered that strife which ended in the elevation of the able and ambitious Brian to the throne of all Ireland. Brian was quickly in motion, and compelled Malachy, without coming to blows, to acknowledge his authority over Leinster and the southern half of Ireland, and his right to the Leinster tribute, which was the point immediately at issue. These adjustments were followed by a rare interval of five years in the reign of civil discord. But Brian was not satisfied: his proud spirit appears to have been stung by the injuries and insults of the nominal monarch. His own feelings were wounded; his country was torn to pieces by the feuds of rival and reckless chieftains; the people were oppressed by barbarous strangers, who held their maritime towns, and plundered their venerated temples; and Ireland was no way protected, either against foreign invasion or internecine strife, by an authority able to command respect at home, or to ward off danger from abroad.

For these reasons Brian prepared to assume the reins of the imperial government. During the quiet which he enjoyed after his settlement with the monarch, he continued to train and augment the troops composed of his brave clansmen of Clare, to reinforce them from various quarters, and to plan out his intended campaigns. All things being in readiness, he divided his army, and swept like a tempest over Meath and Connaught and burned the royal stronghold at Tara. Brian's last inroad into Meath was followed by a new alliance with Malachy, which lasted for three years, and uniting their forces against the Danes, the two kings defeated them in two great battles in 998. In the following year the Danes with a formidable force attacked the combined armies of Brian and Malachy at Glen Mama in Wicklow, but suffered a total defeat with a loss of 6,000 men and all their chief leaders. After this great victory the Irish kings entered Dublin, and, having sacked the town, from which they carried off great spoils of gold, silver and merchandise, they set fire to the houses and destroyed the fortifications. "Sitric, the Danish king, now submitted to Brian, who took a Danish wife and gave an Irish one to Sitric." It became daily more evident that the power of Munster under Brian, who was not only a great general but also an able diplomat, would full soon overwhelm the throne of Malachy, a member of the family of the great Niall, which had long claimed sovereignty over all Ireland. In 1002 Brian, who appears to have attached to his interest nearly all the great chieftains and even the Danish leaders, collected a large army, and marched direct into Meath, deposed King Malachy, who hav-

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ing been deserted by the northern chiefs, resigned the crown without a struggle. Brian received the submission of, and took hostages from the chieftains of Ulster, and, gathering all the power into his own hands, was acknowledged sovereign of all Ireland. Brian, eminently endowed by nature and prepared by discipline and experience to exercise authority, made a just and wise king, and for twelve years he ruled in triumph and in peace. The power and authority to which he had attained Brian wielded with such vigor, sagacity, and success that made his reign as supreme monarch one of universal glory, prosperity and happiness for his country. In the earlier part of his reign Brian, in order to preserve his authority, was ever on foot. His royal progresses were incessant. The chieftains of the North, at first gave him some trouble, but at length he caused his power to be respected nearly as much in Ulster as at the mouth of the Shannon. Brian visited Armagh frequently, the cathedral of which he enriched with many costly gifts. The Danish settlers purchased safety by becoming tributary, and the feuds of the subordinate kings and great chieftains were checked by the vigor and prudence of the monarch whose wise administration could not fail of being attended by peace and order. The bards describe the reign of Brian as Ireland's golden age. Such private virtues and public tranquility prevailed that, says the legend, a fair maiden walked alone and unmolested over the whole kingdom, adorned with gold and gems, with a white wand in her hand, having on its top a costly ring. Brian lived in his palace at Kincora in a style of regal splendor and magnificence unequalled by any of the Irish kings since the halcyon days of Cormac Mac Art, the celebrated monarch of Ireland in the third century, the glories of whose palace at Tara were for many ages the favorite theme of the Irish bards. The palace of Kincora was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, in the present county of Clare, and extensive earthen ramparts, showing its ancient site, remain to this day. The annalists speak of the immensity of the annual tribute that was brought to Brian, at his palace of Kincora, on the first day of November. This tribute from all parts of Ireland was employed by Brian in the encouragement of literature, in restoring and founding schools, churches, and monasteries, in rebuilding, and embellishing the royal palaces, in erecting fortifications for the protection of the Nation, and in making roads and bridges through his extensive domains. In 1013 the Danes, who had been reduced under Brian's vigorous rule into quiet traders in the seaport towns began to make extraordinary preparations for war. They formed an alliance with Maolmora Mac Murrough, king of Leinster, to avenge the many defeats and disasters which they had sustained in their battles with Brian Boru and Malachy; and being determined if possible, to acquire the sovereignty of Ireland, they, for this purpose, dispatched emissaries to collect and combine all the forces they possibly could, for the invasion of the Western Isle, from the cradle of their race together with auxiliaries from every country where the sea-kings had established a settlement. Emissaries were also sent to stimulate the discontented Irish kings and chiefs into rebellion, and Brian now found himself involved in a contest more fearful than any he had hitherto experi-

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enced; but the monarch proved himself equal to the emergency. Having already defeated the Danes in twenty-nine pitched battles, Brian now prepared to put a final end to their power in one of the great decisive battles of history, the last grand struggle in Ireland between Christianity and Paganism,—the most brilliant and memorable conflict which had ever been fought on Irish soil.

On palm Sunday, the 18th of April, 1014, an immense armament of the Northmen made its way into the bay of Dublin, and poured its host of adventurers on the northern shore. The warriors of the Orkneys and Western Isles were ranged under the banner of their chieftain Earl Sigurd; the sea-king, Brodar, brought his troops of Danes from Scandinavia, and other chiefs left their prey in England to take a part in this great struggle on the Irish soil. We are told that among the invaders were Britons from Wales and Cornwall, and Northmen from Belgium and France. Among the numerous leaders were two sons of the king of Denmark, named Carolus Knutus and Andreas. This formidable army was no sooner landed than it was joined by the whole strength of the Danes of Dublin, under their king Sitric, by the Danes of other parts of Ireland, commanded by two chiefs, named Dolat, and Connaol, and by the Irish of Leinster led by their king, Maolmora Mac Murrough, and a number of subordinate chiefs. The confederate forces, reckoned by the Irish annalists at 21,000 men took up their position along the higher ground commanding the plain of Clontarf. King Brian had foreseen the storm that was now ready to break over him, and he made his preparations to meet it. According to the

Danish account, which represents the confederation as having been formed and conducted with the greatest secrecy, the fleet of the invaders was at first commanded by two sea-kings, Brodar and Ospak; but they tell us that the two chiefs having quarreled, Ospak left the confederacy, and repaired to the court of Brian, to whom he carried the first intelligence of the formidable preparations for the invasion of Ireland. The aged monarch, now in his 88th year, had lost none of his energy, and he summoned the subordinate chiefs from every part of Ireland to meet him in arms. The Irish annalists, who estimate Brian's army at about 20,000 men, take a pride in enumerating the various tributary leaders who answered to his call. The chief of Brian's own kinsmen, including his eldest son Murrough, and his five other sons, Teige, Donough, Donal, Connor, and Flann, with his grandson Turlough, the son of Murrough, and several nephews and other relations were there with their Dalcassian warriors, collected from the modern counties of Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary. The Eugonians from that part of Munster, which now forms Cork, Kerry and Waterford, came under their leaders Cian and Donnell princes of Desmond. Various other clans from the South under their respective chiefs also ranged themselves under the great Brian. The forces of Connaught were led by their king, Teige O'Connor, who also was accompanied by an array of illustrious chiefs. King Malachy led to Brian's aid a thousand of the choicest fighting men of Meath. Ulster alone, which had always bowed with reluctance to the supremacy of Munster, held back, and was only represented in Brian's army by a few of its



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men, and three or four subordinate chiefs. To make up for this defection, a strong body of warriors from Scotland arrived in time to swell the ranks of the Irish army; and Ospak, the sea-king, with his Danes also served under the king of Ireland. Brian accompanied his army in person, but he gave the active command to his son Murrough; and, marching rapidly to Dublin, he took up his position outside the city, at Kilmainham, in front of the enemy with whom he was about to contend. Before his arrival, Brian had dispatched secretly his son Donough, with a choice body of men selected from the two great tribes of the Dalcassians and Eugenians, to plunder the province of Leinster, and he gave strict orders to his son to return after two days in the confidence that a battle would not take place before the expiration of that period. There were, it appears, traitors on both sides and one of these sent information to the Danish camp of the departure of Donough, and his plundering expedition, and urged the invaders to make their attack while the Irish army was weakened by his absence. The Danish accounts give another reason for the early attack made by their countrymen. They tell us that Brodar, the Danish leader, had been for some time a Christian, but that he became subsequently a renegade and that he was profoundly skilled in magic: Having before the war consulted some of the Pagan oracles he received an answer that if the first great battle were fought on a Friday, Brian Boru would fall on the field; but that if the battle took place on any other day, Brian would be triumphant and all the leaders of the Danish army would be slain. When the Irish army arrived at Kilmainham, on the day before Good Friday, the king of Leinster is represented as following the fashion of the heroic ages in sending King Brian a formal challenge to fight on the morrow in the plain of Contarf near Dublin. The king of Ireland, it is added, refused because he was reluctant to engage in battle on so holy a festival. Brian was, therefore, surprised when, at day-break on Good Friday, he beheld the Danish army advancing in order of battle into the plain of Clontarf. Compelled to engage in spite of his religious scruples, and the absence of the plundering party, the Irish monarch drew up his army in haste, visited the ranks in person, exasperating them against their foe by his words and exhortations, telling them that God had made them fight on his own day as a certain omen of approaching victory, and then, yielding to the infirmities of age, he left them to fight under his son Murrough, and retired to a spot in the rear near by where he had fixed his tent, that the combatants might at least be encouraged by his presence. Tradition points out an elevated spot on the sea-shore, near the present village of Clontarf, known by the name of Conquer Hill, as the site of Brian Boru's tent. The army of the Danes and their Irish confederates, marched into the field in three distinct bodies. The first division was formed by the Irish-Danes, and was led to battle by Sitric the Danish king of Dublin and two chiefs of considerable renown, named Dolat and Conmaol; with them were a formidable band of a thousand Northmen, represented by the old writers as having been eased in mail, who had been brought from Norway by their two leaders named Anrud and Carolus, sons of the king of Norway. King Maolmora and his chiefs com-

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manded the second division, which was formed mainly of his own subjects, joined with a large body of Danish auxiliaries. The third division was formed of the various bands of Danes who had been assembled there from distant regions, of the warriors from the Scottish Isles, and of the Britons, and other foreigners of different races; this body was led by the sea-king Brodar, and Sigurd earl of the Orkneys. The Irish army was also arrayed in three bodies to answer to the similar disposition of the enemy. The first division consisted of the thousand warriors from Meath, and the household troops of Munster, the Dalcassians, whose oft-tried valor had so frequently gained for them the honor of occupying the post of danger; all these were under the immediate command of King Malachy and Murrough, and most of Brian's kinsmen fought under their banner. The second division of the Irish forces was composed of the Eugenians, and of the various clans from the south of Munster and was commanded by Cian, and by Donnell another southern chieftain, celebrated by the bards for his great beauty and stature. Brian's third division consisted chiefly of the men of Connaught, with the clans from Ulster and the Scottish contingent: it was commanded by Teige O'Connor, king of Connaught, with a numerous array of illustrious chieftains. The conduct of the battle after the two hostile armies met was similar to that of all engagements between races at this particular period in the march of civilization; the details consisted of a succession of single combats between chieftain and chieftain, who singled out each other, while the common soldiers were engaged in indiscriminate slaughter, and these combats alone were celebrated by the bards, and transferred from their songs to the pages of the chronicles. We are told that the war-song of each army was sounded soon after break of day and that they were still engaged in the work of slaughter when the dusk of evening approached. At first the thousand mailed warriors from Norway broke down every obstacle, and spread desolation through the Irish ranks, till they were attacked by Murrough and his Dalcassians, who, after a desperate combat, succeeded so effectually in destroying them that not a man is said to have escaped. Then Murrough, flushed with the victory he had obtained over this formidable band, rushed from one side of the field to the other in search of champions worthy to experience his prowess. One of the first of these was Sigurd, earl of the Orkneys whom Murrough slew with his battle-axe. The Danish chief Conmaol, and prince Carolus, son of the king of Norway, were also slain by the irresistible Murrough. It was towards the end of the day when Carolus fell, and his brother Anrud, thirsting to revenge the blood of his family, was also slain by the Irish chieftain, who, seizing him in his powerful grasp is said to have literally shook him out of his armor, and then pierced him through the body with his sword; but, as Murrough stooped over him, the dying Norwegian drew a dagger, which hung at the victor's side, and plunged it into the breast of the Irish hero, who was carried from the field mortally wounded. The fate of the day was, however, already decided. The battle had raged incessantly during the whole day, and the issue was long doubtful. Towards evening after the destruction of the thousand mail-clad Northmen

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and the death of so many of their leaders, the Danes began to give way, and before dark the rout was general. It was at this moment that the sea-king Brodar, who, with a small body of his followers had taken shelter in a wood near King Brian's tent, observing that the spot was nearly deserted, rushed out from his place of concealment, and surrounded it with his men. The king was on his knees engaged in returning thanks to heaven for the victory, and his only attendant was a boy named Conang, a nephew of Brian, who threw himself between the aged monarch and his assailants but was cut down. Brian seized an axe to defend himself, but, after a short struggle, the sea-king slew him with his sword, and then rushing forth he held aloft the bloody weapon, and cried aloud: "Let it be proclaimed from man to man that Brian has fallen by the hand of Brodar!" This cry intended to recall the flying Danes to the battle, had only the effect of bringing back some of the monarch's guards, who had rashly engaged in the pursuit; these, after slaughtering his companions, seized upon the proud Dane and, we are told by the northern historians of the battle, that in their rage at the death of their king, they hung him to a tree and tore out his entrails. The battle was now contested far away from the original scene of combat, and fierce conflicts took place between the flying parties and their pursuers along the shore towards the hill of Howth, on one side, and on the other as far as the gates of Dublin. This latter direction was the one taken by King Sitric, who with the remnant of his Danish forces and their allies of Leinster found a refuge within the walls of Dublin. Multitudes of the foreigners who

fled towards Howth, their naval station, were slaughtered on the way, and many, including a great number of their women, who accompanied the Danish army, were drowned in attempting to regain their ships. The Irish remained on the field of battle weeping over the body of their king, and attending to his son Murrough, who expired on the morning after the battle. Thus fell the renowned Brian in the 88th year of his age, and he has always been justly celebrated as one of the greatest of the Irish monarchs. He was alike eminent for valor, wisdom, ability, piety, munificence, and patronage of learning and the arts. From the greatness of his character as a warrior and statesman he has been called "The Irish Alfred" and by the Four Masters he is designated "The Augustus of Western Europe." By his many victories over the Danes, ending in their last crushing defeat at Contarf, he freed his country forever from the Danish scourge. In the stirring lines of Moore :

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,  
Though the days of the hero are o'er."

On the day after the battle, which was Easter Saturday, the Irish all returned to their camp at Kilmainham, where they were joined by Brian's son Donough, who had returned from Leinster laden with spoils. The fame of the sanguinary battle of Contarf reached the continent of Europe, and its disastrous consequences were long remembered by the Danes, who spoke of it with terror even in the distant parts of the North. The slaughter on both sides was very great; the Danes and their Irish allies lost 13,000 men, and of the forces of Brian, 7,000 were slain. The gallant clan of the Dalcassians, Brian's own tribe was almost annihilated. The loss fell

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especially on the chiefs of both sides, a circumstance easily accounted for by the practice of singling each other out for single combat. Few of the Danish chieftains escaped from the field, and the traitor Maolmora, king of Leinster, was among the first who fell. On the Irish side fell, besides Brian, several of his sons, his grandson, and most of his nephews, and a long list of renowned warriors. The bodies of the more distinguished dead were buried in the graveyard at Kilmainham by order of Cian, one of the few chiefs who remained to perform the last melancholy duties to their brave companions in arms. The body of Brian was carried in solemn procession to the abbey of St. Columba, at Swords, by the monks of that place; and, on Easter Sunday, it was conveyed from there to the monastery of St. Kieran, at Duleek. On the following day it was again removed to the abbey of Louth; and on the fourth day it was carried by Archbishop Maolmuire and his clergy, in great pomp, to St. Patrick's cathedral at Armagh, where the king had formerly expressed his wish to be buried. The body was then embalmed, and deposited in a stone coffin at the north side of the great altar, after the obsequies had continued with great magnificence and solemnity during twelve days and nights. The bodies of Murrough and his son Turlough as well as the remains of Brian's nephew, Conang, and O'Phelan prince of Desies (or Waterford) were interred in the south side of the cathedral.

**PATRICK, Saint**, the Apostle of Ireland. The birthplace of St. Patrick, is a matter of dispute. England, Wales, Scotland, equally with France and Erin, claim him as a son. "Though why his

own plain statement that he was an Irishman (and this too in a document that all admit to be genuine) should be ignored by many learned historians and eminent critics, we, for our part, are unable to understand. One thing, however, is certain,—that is, he was not only a Celt but he also belonged to the Irish branch of the Celtic race. Whether therefore it could be proved that he was born in France, or Scotland, Wales, or Cornwall, he was still radically a Gael or Irishman and spoke Gaelic or the Irish tongue. Probably to this may be attributed much of his success in the conversion of Ireland and that success was phenomenal. No matter, then, where we incline to fix as the place of his birth, he was as much an Irishman as Alexander the Great of Macedon was a Greek,"—thus writes one of St. Patrick's most accomplished biographers. In the latter part of the 5th century, Erin, the Sacred Isle of antiquity, became known as the Island of Saints. After its conversion to Christianity, the Irish clergy became preeminent for their learning, zeal and piety, and their missionaries, who afterwards attained to high celebrity in the history of Europe, flung themselves with a fiery zeal into battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in elsewhere upon the Christian world. Three orders of Irish saints were counted; the bishops, with St. Patrick at their head, shining like the sun,—the second, of priests, under St. Columba, or Columkill, shining like the moon,—and the third of bishops, priests and hermits, under St. Aiden and Colman, shining like the stars. Their romantic legends are full of Irish poetry and tenderness, and not without touches here and there of genuine Irish humor. The memory of their virtue and

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beneficence, as well as of their miracles, shadowy and distorted by the lapse of centuries, is rooted in the heart and brain of the Irish peasantry. With the tradition of their miracles has been entwined the tradition of their virtues, as an enduring heirloom for the whole Irish race, through the far centuries which part the era of saints from the present time. We sometimes read of zealous men and women upon holy days creeping on their knees around St. Patrick's cell, on the top of Croagh Patrick, the grandest mountain, perhaps, with the grandest outlook, in the British Isles; on that peak, as traditions tell, St. Patrick once stood, fasting forty days and forty nights, wrestling with the demons of the storm, the snakes of the fen, and the gigantic monster of the lakes, till he smote the evil things with the golden rod of Jesus, and they rolled over the cliff in hideous route and perished in the Atlantic far below. The memory of St. Patrick and his successors has kept up in the Irish peasantry an ideal of nobleness, purity and devotion, which, downtrodden as they have been, they would otherwise have probably lost; and the thought that these holy men were of their own country and their own kin has given them a pride in their race, a sense of national unity and national dignity, which has endured through all the misfortunes which have fallen upon Ireland since the Danish invasion at the close of the 8th century. Eminently characteristic and interesting though these fanciful traditions and romantic legends undoubtedly are, yet, however, they are not serious history. The principal facts in St. Patrick's life, briefly stated, are as follows: Among the captives brought into Ireland by the Irish

monarch, Niall of the Nine Hostages, from his first expedition to France in 403, was a youth of sixteen, named Succat (meaning brave in battle), who afterwards became known as St. Patrick. On his arrival in Ireland he was sold as a slave to a chief, named Milcho, who carried him to his home in the North, in the district now known as the county of Antrim, where he was employed as a shepherd. During six years of bondage, the leisure of the young captive was constantly devoted to prayer and meditation. The principal scene of St. Patrick's devotions was the solitary mountain, Slemish, "celebrated for more than one remarkable event in the annals of Ireland." There is (now extant) a most interesting work in Latin (Confession of St. Patrick), said to have been written by the Saint shortly before his death and believed to be genuine, in which occurs a very interesting passage on this period of his life. This extract translated into English reads as follows: "After I had come to Ireland I tended cattle continually and prayed many times in the day, and more and more increased within me the love of God and the fear of Him and my faith waxed strong; so that in one day I would offer up a hundred prayers, and also in the night time; and I would even remain in the woods, and on the mountain, and before the light rouse myself to prayer: in snow, in frost, in rain; and I took no hurt, nor had I any slothfulness because (as I now see) the Spirit was then fervent within me." After six years of captivity Succat fled from his master, reached the south-western coast of Ireland in safety, and there embarked in a merchant vessel which carried him home to France. Some years later having been greatly moved by cer-

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tain dreams or visions in which he believed he had received a direct commission from God to preach the Gospel in the land of his captivity, he resolved to devote himself to a missionary life. Though dissuaded by his parents and friends, he gave himself up to the church and to ceaseless study; beginning under his relative St. Martin, bishop of Tours. He next placed himself under St. Germain of Auxerre, and with him and in Italy he spent several years; and became not only profoundly learned in the theological doctrines of the church, but also a proficient in a variety of languages. From Italy he visited Lerins, and other islands in the Mediterranean sea; and he is said to have received from the hermit Justus, who dwelt in one of them, the famous Staff of Jesus. In the year 431, Pope Celestine sent Bishop Palladius on a mission to preach to the Irish, amongst whom Christianity had already taken some hold; but Paganism was still so dominant that Palladius, after a short sojourn, found himself forced to fly to Scotland, where he died soon after. Then Pope Celestine, considering the eminent piety, learning, and other gifts of Succat, resolved to send him upon the Irish mission, and therefore consecrated him bishop; at the same time renaming him Patricius, or Father of the People (shortened in time to Patrick), which carried its dignity from the ancient times of Rome and was afterwards given to kings of France. In the year 432, accompanied by a few chosen disciples, St. Patrick, then 45 years old, landed on the coast of Wicklow, but being driven to his ship by the Pagan population, he sailed northward to a bay in what is now called the county of Down. Here the chief of the district hastened to attack the strangers as pirates, but was arrested by the pleasing looks of the Bishop, listened to his preaching and was baptized with all his family. Afterwards a church and monastery were established on the site (now the parish of Saul) by the Saint, and this scene of his first missionary success always continued to be his favorite retreat. It is related that when he revisited the scene of his youthful captivity the following strange event occurred. Two daughters of his old master, after hearing him preach, were baptized and embraced a religious life, whereupon Milcho, strongly attached to the Pagan worship, and perceiving that his former slave was now in authority as its successful antagonist, made a great fire of his house and goods, and threw himself into the flames; the news of which coming to St. Patrick, caused him to stand for three hours silent, and in tears. When St. Patrick landed in Ireland the monarch of the island was Leary (son of Niall of the Nine Hostages), who had succeeded his cousin Dathy in 428. Having learned that the time was approaching when King Leary would hold at Tara, his capital, a great Pagan festival St. Patrick resolved to go and preach there at all hazards, knowing the importance of influencing the great people of the country; so on Easter Eve, in the year 433, the day appointed for the festival, he raised his tent on the north bank of the river Boyne and kindled a fire before it. Now it was contrary to the laws for any one to light a fire in the surrounding country at a time of the festival, until the sacred fire on Tara hill had first indicated the opening of the solemnities; and when St. Patrick's fire shone afar and was presently seen by the court and nobles as-

sembled at Tara, the utmost astonishment prevailed among them; and the druids, the annalists affirm, told King Leary that the hostile fire must be speedily extinguished, or else the man who had kindled it, and his successors, should rule Ireland forever. The king instantly sent messengers to drag the culprit to his presence; but when St. Patrick approached within the circle of the court, so noble and pleasing was his aspect that Erc, a chieftain, instantly rose up and offered him his seat. St. Patrick was permitted to preach, and Erc and Duffa, the chief bard, were his first converts, along with Fiech (a young bard under the instruction of Duffa) and who is believed to be the author of a certain poem now extant in praise of the Saint. The queen and others followed their example, but King Leary remained a Pagan to the last, though St. Patrick made so favorable an impression on him as to receive the royal permission to preach wherever he wished. It was on this occasion that St. Patrick successfully used the shamrock growing at his feet, as an illustration of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; from which this plant came to be associated with the Patron Saint of Ireland, and raised into a national emblem. The Pagan superstition never recovered from the blow it received that day at Tara. The bitterest enemies of Christianity were the druids, whose interest it was above all others to support the ancient belief; and many of them, believed to be magicians, are described by the old biographers as the objects of St. Patrick's miracles, and as sacrificed for their hostility. Before leaving Meath St. Patrick attended the public games at Tailton, and preached with success to the vast multitude as-

sembled there; and soon after he proceeded to Teffia (now West Meath) and preached at the hill of Usneagh, a celebrated seat of Druidism. Among his converts at Tailton was the monarch's brother Conall, who gave him his house in Meath, to be used as a church; and it received the name of Donough Patrick. St. Patrick next proceeded to the present county of Leitrim, winning a conspicuous success at the Plain of Adoration, where he overthrew the sacred monolith, and denounced the Pagan idolatry practiced there in honor of the sun. He passed through Connaught and Ulster, and afterwards through the other provinces,—converting the people by thousands, ordaining priests, and building churches, schools and monasteries. When he entered Munster, King Aengus, who had already obtained some knowledge of Christianity, received him with great reverence in his palace on the rock of Cashel, the ancient seat of the provincial kings of Munster; and when St. Patrick was baptizing him, he accidentally rested the spike of his ironshod crosier upon the King's foot, and leaning forward pressed it in deeply, inflicting a most painful wound. But Aengus, believing this to be a part of the ceremony, made no sign of suffering, and with calm and reverent demeanor allowed the unsuspecting prelate to proceed with a baptism, which was at the same time a petty martyrdom. A magnificent church was afterwards erected on the Rock of Cashel, the remains of which form one of the noblest ecclesiastic ruins in Ireland; and in it is still preserved St. Patrick's Stone, the table on which the kings of Munster were crowned. In the year 455, having been twenty-three years in Ireland, engaged in converting

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the people, the Saint established himself at Armagh; and on that hill founded a city and cathedral with monasteries, schools and other religious edifices; and thus established the see of Armagh, which became the Metropolitan see and seat of the Primacy of all Ireland. About two years after the foundation of Armagh St. Patrick went over to England for coadjutors, and took the opportunity to preach there against the prevailing Pelagian and Arian heresies,—meeting with great success. Returning by way of Liverpool, when he came near that maritime village, the people from all sides came out to meet him; and they erected a stone cross in his honor. On his voyage back to Ireland he visited the Isle of Man, where we are informed he found the people much addicted to magic,—an old accusation against them; for they were believed to involve their island at will in supernatural mists, so that no ship could find it. Here he preached with his usual success, and left behind him one of his disciples as first bishop of Man. Soon after his return to Ireland St. Patrick went to a small village (afterwards called Dublin), the people of which flocked out to meet him; and he baptized the chief and many others in a fountain, therefore called St. Patrick's Well; near to which a church was built, on the site now occupied by St. Patrick's Cathedral. He settled the Church of Ireland solidly, and appointed bishops and priests everywhere, well earning his title of Apostle of Ireland. He traveled continually, until too old, when he spent his last years in retirement and contemplation, though not neglecting to hold synods and councils and to rule the affairs of the church. The latest part of his life was passed

alternately in Armagh and in the Monastery of Saul; and in the latter place, where he had founded the first of several hundred churches, he expired, full of good works and honors, on the 17th of March, 465, in the 79th year of his age. His obsequies lasted through twelve successive days and nights, and were attended by multitudes of the clergy from all parts of Ireland. He was buried with national honors at Down, thence called Downpatrick, and a handsome church was afterwards built over his remains. "In investigating the cause of St. Patrick's unexampled success," says an eloquent historian, "we reduce it to a very simple principle, it was chiefly a matter of the heart. He loved God and he loved his fellowman and he loved the Irish race above all mankind. His great heart throbbed for the pagan Irish and he loved to give them that liberty which the Gospel brings to the inner man. To go to Ireland as a missionary of the Gospel was the burning desire of his soul. To bring those pagans into the fold of Christ he left friends and relatives, who opposed his enterprise; he gave up comfort and ease to endure toil and hardships; he sought neither wealth nor worldly dignity nor civil rank,—indeed he gave up all material advantages when he became a missionary,—the conversion of the pagan Irish, the honor of his Lord and Master and the glory of God were all he sought. These all he found and there followed in his train honor and dignity and fame and a name that shall live while the annals of earth shall last."

**BALFE, Michael William**, a celebrated dramatic composer, barytone singer, and violinist, born at Dublin, Ireland, May 15, 1808. He was the first



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musician of his race in modern times, whose talent as a composer has been universally acknowledged, and whose works have been performed with éclat throughout Europe and America; and, it will be through him and such as he, whose merit is now so justly appreciated, that people generally will be compelled to relinquish the somewhat prevalent prejudice, against Irish musical talent. Some of the best known music commonly called English has really been the work of Irish composers. "The Bohemian Girl" by Balfe of Dublin, and "Maritana" by Wallace of Waterford, are still the most popular English operas, and the lyrics with which they are jeweled are likely to retain a favorite place on concert programs for all time. It is also significant that the dominating musical personality in England today is a native of Dublin, Professor C. V. Stanford, who has, perhaps, done more than any other since Moore to revive the national music of his country. It may be remarked in connection with Irish love of music that, baffled by cabals of London, the great Handel sought his first opportunity in the British Isles to produce the "Messiah" at Dublin, where it was successfully performed amid great enthusiasm. When the subject of this sketch was four years old his family resided at Wexford and it was here in the eager pleasure he took in listening to the performances of the military band, that Balfe gave the first signs of his musical aptitude. Struck with the boy's constant and ardent attention, Meadows, the bandmaster, sought and obtained his father's leave to teach him the violin and at five years of age he took his first lesson. Before the end of six months he wrote a polacca for the band and his progress in playing was so great as to induce his father to remove back to Dublin in order to obtain for him better instruction. He was placed under William O'Rourke, a musician of some note, who afterwards settled in London and made himself famous by the production of his opera, "Amelie." O'Rourke brought him out as a violinist in a concert at the Royal Exchange, in May 1816. When O'Rourke quitted Dublin, Balfe continued the study of the violin under James Barton, and of composition under Alexander Lee, the popular ballad writer. When little more than nine years old he composed the ballad of "Young Fanny, the Beautiful Maid," which was purchased of him by Willis, the publisher, for twenty printed copies. The melody became a great favorite and some time afterwards, Haynes Bayley wrote to it the words of "The Lover's Mistake," which was sung by Madame Vestris in the comedy of "Paul Pry." Besides playing and composing, Balfe now sang in public, and, with his threefold ability, became a small celebrity. When he was sixteen his father died, and left him to depend entirely upon his own resources. He accordingly went to London and gained no little credit by his performance of violin solos at the so-called oratorios. He then was engaged in the orchestra at Drury Lane theatre, and, when T. Cooke, the director, had to appear on the stage (which was the case in the more important musical pieces) Balfe led the band. At this time he took lessons in composition of C. F. Horn, organist of the Chapel-Royal, Windsor, music-master of the princesses, and father of the popular song-writer. In 1825 he was introduced to Count Mazzara, a Roman nobleman,

who was so charmed with his playing and his singing some songs of his own composition, and so touched by his personal likeness to a son whom he had recently lost, that he invited Balfe to accompany him to Italy, proposing to defray his entire expenses; this generosity delighted the young artist, who accompanied his patron to the land of song, believing that he thus entered the very sanctuary of the muse to whom he was devoted. Resting at Paris on the journey to Rome, Balfe was introduced to Cherubini, who was so pleased with his talent as to offer him lessons in composition, but even this tempting offer was insufficient to check Balfe's earnest desire to reach the sunny South, and breathe the atmosphere of music. At Rome he was located in the house of his patron, and studied counterpoint under Frederici, who was afterwards head of the Conservatorio at Milan. In 1826 the Count's affairs called him from Rome, but he left not Balfe without giving him some valuable introductions, and depositing a sum of money at a banker's for his use. With these letters Balfe went to Milan, where he studied singing under Filippo Galli, and wrote the music for the ballet "La Perouse," for which he was much praised. He returned to London, but finding there no occupation, he went to Paris, where Cherubini introduced him to Rossini, who was then director of the Italian opera; the author of the "Barbiere" was quick to perceive his talent, and offered him a lucrative engagement as principal barytone, with the single condition that he should take a course of preparatory lessons of Bordogni; and M. Gallois, a Paris banker, presented him with a munificent sum to meet his expenses till the engagement

commenced. He made his first appearance at the close of 1828 as Figaro, with success, and besides the distinction he gained as a singer, in the course of the season he did himself much credit by the composition of some additional pieces for Zingarelli, this being his first attempt at operatic writing.

At the close of his Paris engagement he returned to Italy, and rested for some time at the residence of a new patron, the Count Sampieri of Bologna, for whose birthday he wrote a cantata, which was so much admired that he was elected member of the Philharmonic Society. In the carnival season of 1829-30, he sung principal barytone, at Palermo, and there he produced his first complete opera, "I Rivali," which was written in the brief term of twenty days, when the manager had a dispute with the chorus, to enable him to dispense with that rebellious body. Passing through Bergamo, after this engagement, he first met a Hungarian vocalist of great talent and beauty, whom he afterwards married. In the autumn of this year he sung at Pavia, where also he brought out his second opera, "Un Avertimento." In 1831 he produced "Enrico quarto" at Milan, where he soon afterwards sang with Malibran at La Scala. The following year he wrote the greater part of an opera on the subject of Hamlet for Venice; but the death of the emperor, and the consequent closing up of the theatres, prevented its performance. He continued his career as a singer in Italy until the spring of 1835, when he returned to London, and appeared at several public and private concerts. From the latter year dates his career as a composer of English operas. He wrote his opera, "The Siege of Rochelle," the

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same year; it was produced at Drury Lane in October with brilliant success; and supported by an attractive afterpiece, it was played for more than three months without intermission. Balfe was thus established as a popular composer in London, and was straightway engaged to write "The Maid of Artois" for Malibran, at the same theatre, which was produced in the summer of 1836. "The Light of Other Days," in this opera, has been, perhaps, the most popular song in London that the past century has known; and "the rondo finale has been almost as great a favorite in every country on the continent." In the autumn of this year Balfe appeared as a singer at Drury Lane, and produced his opera of "Catherine Grey." In 1837 he brought out his "Joan of Arc," which was rivalled by the "Amelie" of his old master, O'Rourke, at Covent Garden. In 1838 he brought out his "Falstaff" at Her Majesty's theatre, "the first opera written for that establishment by a native composer since the Olympiade of Arne." In 1839 his "Diadeste" was given at Drury Lane, and this year he entered the field as a manager at the Lyceum, when his wife sang for the first time in England. In 1840 he had again the direction of the same theatre where he brought out his "Keolantlie," notwithstanding the success of which, the season terminated in bankruptcy. He then went to Paris, and, after a long sojourn there, brought out "Le Puits d'Amour" at the Opera Comique, which was afterwards given in London, under the name of "Genevieve." He came back to England to produce at Drury Lane, in November of this year, the most successful of all his works, "The Bohemian Girl," which has proved the most universally popular musical composition which has ever come from the British Isles. His reputation in London had, through the comparative non-success of his later operas, and through his three years' absence, somewhat declined; but this opera not only re-established his popularity, but gave him a position even more secure than he had yet held. It has been translated into almost every European language and is as great a favorite on this side of the Atlantic as in Europe. In 1844 he wrote "Quatre Fils Aymon," for Paris, produced as "The Castle of Aymon," which was the first of his operas given in Germany. In the same year he brought out "The Daughter of St. Mark," at Drury Lane, and, in 1845, "The Enchantress." In 1846 he wrote for the Academie Royale, "L'Etoile de Seville"; in the course of the rehearsals of which he was called to London to arrange his engagement as conductor of Her Majesty's theatre, which office he filled till the closing up of that establishment in 1852. "The Bondman" came out at Drury Lane in the autumn of 1846, and Balfe passed the ensuing winter at Vienna, directing the performance of his already popular operas. In 1848 he brought out "The Maid of Honor" at Drury Lane. In 1849 he went to Berlin to reproduce some of his operas, where the king offered him the decoration of the Prussian Eagle "which as a British subject," we are told, "he was unable to accept." In 1850 he conducted the national concerts at Her Majesty's theatre, a series of performances that disappointed the high expectations, artistic and pecuniary, of those who mismanaged them, although they were the occasion of the production of some important works. In 1852 "The Sicilian

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Bride" was given at Drury Lane. At the close of this year Balfe went to St. Petersburg, Russia (with letters of introduction from the prince of Prussia); there he was magnificently entertained and made more money in less time than at any other period. His next work was "Pittore e Duca," written for the carnival of 1855 and given at Trieste with but indifferent success, in consequence of the failure of the prima donna. In 1856 he returned to England after four years' absence; he brought out his daughter, Victoire, as a singer at the performances of the Royal Italian opera at the Lyceum in 1857, and one of his later works, "The Rose of Castile," was produced by the English company, also at this theatre, in October of the same year. His single songs, ballads and other detached pieces are almost innumerable. "Balfe possessed, perhaps, in the highest degree," says an eminent critic, "the natural gifts which make a great musician and composer,—quickness of ear, readiness of memory and rare executive facility; also an almost unlimited and amazing fluency of invention, with a marvelous power of producing striking melodies,—simple and tender, that appeal direct to the popular heart. His great experience added to these had given him the complete command of orchestral resources and a remarkable rapidity of production. Against these great advantages is balanced his occasional want of thoroughness and finish which made him sometimes contented with the first idea that presented itself, regardless of dramatic truth, and considerate of momentary effect, rather than artistic, enduring excellence; and it is this tendency, despite all his well-merited success with the millions, that perhaps prevents his work from ranking among the highest classics of the art. On the other hand it must be admitted that the volatility and spontaneous character of his music would evaporate through elaboration, either ideal or technical; and that the very element, which makes it more or less evanescent, is that which also makes it universally popular." As a man Balfe was genial, frank and attractive, an excellent husband and a kind father. He died at his country seat, Rowney Abbey, Herts, England, October 20, 1870, and was interred at Kensal Green, and, eight years later, a tablet to his memory was erected in Westminster Abbey. In 1874 a fine statue of Balfe was placed at the vestibule of Drury Lane theatre, London. Two biographies have been published: "A Memoir of Michael William Balfe," by C. L. Kenny (London 1875); and, "Balfe and His Life Work," by W. A. Barrett (London 1882). He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in France and Commander of the Order of Carlos in Spain.

**BYRNE, Miles**, patriot, hero, United Irishman and officer in the French army, was born at Monaseed, County Wexford, Ireland, March 20, 1770. When a mere youth he joined the United Irishmen and entered with ardor into their hopes and plans for the independence of his country. He took a prominent part in organizing the peasantry in his own county for the coming struggle. June 3, 1798, he joined the large body of patriots encamped at Corrigrua, County Wexford. The next morning this force of about 10,000 peasants, armed chiefly with pikes, with few muskets, a little ammunition and no artillery, marched toward Gorey, seven miles distant. On the way they surprised the king's troops

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under Colonel Walpole, who was slain in the battle that ensued, his force routed and his three pieces of artillery with ammunition taken. Gorey was then captured and patriot levies flocked in from all directions. Preparations were now made for an attack on Arklow, which was strongly garrisoned by the military. The action began June 9th, early in the afternoon, and lasted till dusk. Byrne commanded a division of pikemen. The battle was fiercely contested hour after hour and for a long time the issue was doubtful. The king's cavalry were finally driven into and across the river. But discipline, firearms and artillery eventually prevailed over numbers and courage. Towards dark the peasants slowly retired, carrying off their wounded. The gallant Father Michael Murphy, one of the patriot's bravest leaders, fell, leading his men to the charge for the third time. The scattered Irish bands, weakened by death, disease and exposure, gradually concentrated on Vinegar Hill, where they prepared to make a final stand, and, June 21, the celebrated battle began in which Byrne took a distinguished part. At early dawn the action opened by a brisk cannonade from the enemy. Attacked by overwhelming columns of troops under General Lake, the pikemen fought with desperate courage, but, after nearly two hours' heroic defense, they were finally dislodged, broke and retired down the hill. Byrne says: "I had been in many combats and battles, but I never before witnessed such a display of bravery and intrepidity as was shown all along our line." At the head of a small body of pikemen after this retreat, Byrne fought several minor engagements. In July, after a hurried visit home (accompanied by his wounded brother) to bid farewell to his mother and sister, he joined Michael Dwyer and General Holt in the Wicklow mountains, where, for some months with a few hardy followers, they kept up a show of resistance in the hope of securing aid from France. The greatest of the FitzGeralds, Lord Edward (son of James FitzGerald, duke of Leinster) was the ideal leader of the popular movement for the freedom of Ireland. The "gallant and seditious Geraldine" had previously lived in France and traveled in America. Then came his life in Dublin, his impassioned championship of his oppressed country, his adhesion to the United Irishmen, his plans for a revolution in Ireland (to follow the example of America and France) which, at one time, promised every chance of success; and, finally, his desperate struggle in Thomas street, his arrest, his death in prison, and his sacred tomb in St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin. Another chivalrous leader, Theobald Wolfe Tone, no less gallant, no less wholly devoted to the divine cause of liberty and independence, he too, alas! was destined ere the close of '98 to be no less an immortal martyr. With the capture and death of the two great national leaders the last hopes of the United Irishmen were extinguished. November 10th Byrne managed to escape to Dublin disguised as a car-driver. There he passed the next few years as clerk in a timber-yard. Early in 1803 he was introduced to Robert Emmet, who found him ready and eager, like most of the patriot refugees in Dublin, to enter into his views for an early rising. Emmet entrusted him with the execution of some of the most important and difficult of his plans. Byrne made contracts for guns, pikes and other necessary war-

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material. When, however, the appointed day (July 23) arrived all of Emmet's plans miscarried. Two days afterwards he had an interview with Emmet, when it was decided that Byrne should go to Paris at once and endeavor to procure assistance from the French Government. He reached France in an American ship and proceeded to Paris, where he was soon in communication with the Irish refugees there. But with the early eclipse of the heroic Emmet, who died at the dawn of manhood a true martyr in the sacred cause of liberty and native land, all hopes of French intervention were over. Napoleon, at the close of 1803, ordered the formation of the Irish legion in the army of France, in which Byrne was made lieutenant and served with distinction under the great emperor from 1804 till the end of his public career. Byrne was soon promoted captain, and in 1810 was appointed to the command of a battalion, or regiment of chosen Irish troops. He continued in the French army after the fall of Napoleon; was twice decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor,—by the great Napoleon in 1813, and nineteen years later by Louis Philippe, king of France. He resigned his command in 1835 and went to Paris to live. He is described by those who knew him in his latter days as a singularly noble-looking man,—erect and soldier-like to the last; with all the polish of a perfect gentleman, genial in his manners and full of anecdotes of the exciting scenes through which he had passed. He expired in Paris, January 24, 1862, in the arms of a beloved wife and was buried at Montmartre, where there is a handsome monument to his memory. His love of freedom and the well-being of his

fellowmen was confined to no country or race, and he was ever ready to do good and always active to serve others. To the last his love of Ireland and interest in her affairs continued unabated. His memoirs (Paris, 3 vols. 1863) edited by his widow are full of interesting, romantic details of the varied scenes through which he had passed in Ireland, and on the Continent. They also contain invaluable biographical notices and personal anecdotes of his brave companions-in-arms, the Irish exiles in France.

**BECHER, Lady** (Miss Eliza O'Neill,) a celebrated tragic actress, "the greatest tragedienne whom Ireland and probably the world has ever known," was the eldest daughter of John O'Neill, an Irish actor and stage manager. She was born at Drogheda, Ireland, in 1791. After a little instruction obtained at a small school in her native town, Miss O'Neill made, as a child, her first appearance on the stage at the Drogheda theatre, of which his father was then manager. Two years (1803-1805) were afterwards spent on the stage in Belfast and Miss O'Neill then went to Dublin, where she almost at once took the highest rank as Juliet and in other tragic roles. An English engagement followed, at Covent Garden theatre, London, where she made her first appearance in 1814 as Juliet. Her success in the metropolis was immediate and complete,—the theatre was nightly crowded and the young tragedienne was hailed with boundless enthusiasm as a younger and better actress than the divine Mrs. Sarah Siddons. During five years Miss O'Neill was the reigning queen of the stage,—doing remarkably well in comedy but

causing a profound sensation as Juliet, Belvidera and in other tragic characters. Strange stories concerning the influence of her acting were freely told. Men were said to have been borne fainting from the theatre after witnessing one of her marvelous performances. Through her entire theatrical career she maintained an unblemished reputation. The rare beauty of Miss O'Neill was as marked as her qualities of genius and heart, and at first she won the admiration of the great Mrs. Siddons of whom she was a contemporary. Later, it is said, Mrs. Siddons herself grew jealous of her fame. After a brief but brilliant theatrical career, at the close of which she was earning 12,000 pounds a year, she retired into private life. She made her last appearance on the stage in July, 1819. At the close of the same year she married W. W. Becher, an Irish M. P. for Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, where he owned large estates. By the death of his uncle, her husband soon after her marriage became a baronet,—Sir William Wrixon Becher. Lady Becher never returned to the stage after her short but distinguished career. The best judges credit her with the possession of, perhaps, the highest histrionic gifts. "Proclaimed by London as the world's first actress at twenty-three, worshipped by the multitude, through it all a woman of simple heart and noble soul,—such was Miss O'Neill. . . . Miss O'Neill! She is a tragedy itself! She is comedy itself! She is the drama! What Shakespeare is among dramatists, Miss O'Neill is among actresses. Both are universal. Reviewing the career of the great players of the world, we have no knowledge of another woman so exalted." William C. Macready, the

famous English tragedian, her contemporary, but voiced the general sentiment when he said,—“her beauty, grace, simplicity and tenderness are the theme of every tongue. The noble pathos of Mrs. Siddons' transcendent genius no longer serve as the grand commentary and living exponent of Shakespeare's text, but in the native elegance, the feminine sweetness, the unaffected earnestness and intense passion of Miss O'Neill, the stage has received a worthy successor to her.” “An artist may be great and never have seen London,” it used to be said, “but no artist is really great who has not stood the test of London criticism.” Miss O'Neill courted that test at a time when Mrs. Siddons, the leading tragedienne of England and one of the greatest actresses of the world's dramatic history was at the height of her fame. Miss O'Neill went to London almost unknown with triumphs in Ireland alone behind her,—Ireland which London was then, as now, disposed to regard as a land of idle memories and feeble art. Little attention accordingly was given the coming of the comparatively unknown Irish actress by the London public. On her opening night, however, some of the great critics were present and Miss O'Neill played to London that night (and she felt that she played to the whole criticism of Europe) as Miss O'Neill alone could play. The next morning there was but one voice for all the London critics, and that voice said,—“Miss O'Neill is queen!” From that time the young Irish actress was hailed throughout Great Britain as the first actress of the century, if not of all time. Her future career on the stage was one uninterrupted succession of triumphs. Her beauty, so celebrated in theatrical

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annals, was of the classic type, "her features," we are told, "were Grecian; her voice was deep, clear and mellow; her figure of medium size; her movements, a rare blending of grace and womanly dignity." It has been said that "with Miss O'Neill the race of English-speaking, tragic actresses expired. Her favorite roles are still held to be unrivalled." Undoubtedly she was incomparably the greatest Juliet that ever lived, at least till 1870, when the peerless beauty and rare genius of Adelaide Neilson, came upon the scene to charm, dazzle and captivate two hemispheres. Lady Becher became a widow in 1850 and from that time lived in retirement. She died at her seat, near Mallow, October 29, 1872, and all Ireland went into mourning, for she was not only a supreme actress but also a kind-hearted, noble woman of unsullied reputation. Her son, Sir John Wrixon Becher, Third Baronet, is now (1906) living on the estate near Mallow.

**ABERNETHY, John, Rev.,** an eminent, liberal-minded minister and controversialist, born at Coleraine, Ulster, Ireland, in 1680, was celebrated for his zeal in the cause of religious toleration. His father was a Presbyterian minister at Coleraine. The subject of this sketch was educated partly in Ireland and partly in Scotland. Being very precocious he entered the university of Glasgow at the age of twelve. He was a brilliant student, and excelled as a conversationalist; after taking his degree of M. A., he was admitted to Edinburgh university. At the end of his theological course he returned to Ireland. Soon after he was duly licensed to preach, though he was not yet twenty-one years of age. In 1703 he took charge of the Presbyterian

church at Antrim, "where," we are told, "he toiled as a primitive apostle might have done." By the strength and keenness of his intellect and power of expression he especially excelled as a debator and controversialist. His genuine sympathy was remarkable in that illiberal age of bigotry and anti-Catholic ascendancy in Ireland. In 1717 the Presbyterian Synod assigned him to Dublin. After three months at the capital, he felt that Antrim had the best claim to his services, and so he returned north to his beloved people, who greatly desired to retain him. When his decision to return to Ulster was known it was a great shock to the Irish Presbyterians. Actual disobedience to a decision of the Synod had not been thought possible. Abernethy, however, was firm and, henceforth, he remained the great Irish champion of religious liberty and toleration, which eventually caused a split in the Presbyterian church. In 1726 he and his followers formed themselves into an independent body, which still exist as Rational Dissenters or Unitarians. In 1730 he permanently removed to Dublin, where he at once took rank as a great pulpit orator. His sermons were especially noted for their genuine pathos, liberality and power. In 1731 came the greatest of all his controversies against the infamous Test Act, which totally disqualified Catholics from all civil and religious liberty. He stood almost alone among Irish Protestants for the repeal of all religious tests and disabilities. He was, however, more than a century ahead of his illiberal time. His name is greatly revered by all fair-minded, candid men, as the able defender of civil and religious freedom in Ireland. He was twice happily married. His discourses and ser-



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mons are still greatly admired. In his collected Tracts he holds his own well against his celebrated contemporary, Dean Swift, emphasizing truths and principles far in advance of that fiercely intolerant age. His sermons were very popular, many editions of which have been published. "He was," says Jamieson, "a burning and shining light in his day. Polished in manners, possessing a rich fund of intelligence, with uncommon powers of conversation." He was greatly admired and beloved by all who knew him. His published sermons are considered by many able critics as equal, if not superior, to any in the English language. He died at Dublin, in December, 1740.

**ALEXANDER, Mrs. Cecil Frances,** Irish poet, was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1818. She was the daughter of Major John Humphreys of the Royal Marines and her mother, the niece of the distinguished Irish soldier, Sir Thos. Reed. She was very precocious and began to write verse when only nine years old. A warm friendship arose between her and Lady Harriet Howard, the talented daughter of the Earl of Wicklow. Coming under the influence of the "Oxford Movement," in 1842, Miss Humphreys, in conjunction with her friend, Lady Howard, began to write tracts; the latter supplying the prose and the former the poetic part. These, collected into one volume, were published six years later. In 1846 she published "Verses for Holy Seasons," which reached the sixth edition, two years after. In the latter year "Hymns for Little Children," in one volume, also came from the press, and became exceedingly popular. They reached the 69th edition in 1896. Many of this rarely gifted lady's hymns, such as

"The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn," "There is a Green Hill Far Away," etc., are in almost universal use wherever the English language is spoken. In 1850 she married the Rev. William Alexander, who later became Anglican bishop of Derry, and in 1896 archbishop of Armagh. Mrs. Alexander devoted her life largely to philanthropic work, but she also appreciated and enjoyed congenial society. She is the author of much graceful verse on various subjects aside from her hymns by which she is best known. She was a frequent contributor to the Dublin University Magazine and other leading periodicals. "The Burial of Moses," first published in the Dublin University Magazine, in 1856, is, perhaps, the best known of her pieces, aside from her hymns. This noble, talented woman died in Londonderry, Ireland, October 12, 1895. A year after her death her husband edited and published, with her biography, a collected edition of "all that is best worth remembrance," in her numerous works. "Perhaps Mrs. Alexander's chief gift was the power of blending vivid and picturesque imagery with devotional sentiment." Two sons and two daughters survived her.

**BRENDAN** (or Brendon). *Saint*, of Clonfert, patron of Kerry. There are few names connected with the ancient ecclesiastical history of Ireland more celebrated throughout Europe than that of St. Brendan.—the legend of whose marvelous seven years' voyage in the Atlantic for a long period superseded the more ancient wanderings of Ulysses, and was the wonder and delight of many generations of men. If another perhaps still more celebrated Irish legend (that of St. Patrick's purgatory) has been

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made memorable by the magnificent and immortal transformation it underwent in the first and greatest of Christian epics (the *Purgatorio* of Dante, as well as the more direct use made of it by Calderon in his *El Purgatorio de San Patricio*) the legend of St. Brendan may claim a more enduring interest and a more unfailing belief, since we read in Spanish history of an expedition being fitted out so late as the year 1721 and despatched from the Canary islands in search of the island supposed to have been discovered by the Irish Saint in the sixth century. Indeed so strong was the belief in the actual existence of this shadowy, romantic region, entertained alike by Spaniards and Portuguese, in the beginning of the 16th century, that the treaty by which the crown of Portugal ceded to that of Castile its right to the conquest of the Canaries, included among the number the island of St. Brendan, to which it gives the very singular name of "The Unreached." Each country in its adoption of the legend added, as might be expected, something of its own peculiar traditions to the story, the Spaniards believing for a long period that the island of San Borondon, as they called it, was a place whither Don Roderic retired after the fatal battle of the Guadalete; the Portuguese assigning it as the asylum of their king, Don Sebastian, and on their first discovery of the Indies, believing that region to be the island of St. Brendan, which they had so long sought in vain. The wide diffusion of this legend had an important influence in keeping alive the spirit of adventure and inquiry in the maritime countries of Western Europe. The main facts of the legend are considered by many careful writers to have an historical foundation. It is supposed, indeed, from the tradition preserved (from the earliest period throughout Europe) of the existence of a great western region (Atlantis, as Plato calls it) that St. Brendan provided for a much longer voyage than was usual at that remote period with seafaring people of the West and South of Ireland,—that he journeyed thus several days, perhaps weeks, or even months, until falling in with the gulf-stream, his little bark was at length wafted to the coast of New England, thus anticipating by about six centuries the supposed discovery of America by the Welsh prince, Madoc. St. Brendan, Abbot of Clonfert, was born at Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, about 484. He received his early education from his relative, Bishop Erc, who was "at the head of a local monastery and permanently resident in Kerry." He also studied under St. Ita of County Limerick and under St. Jarlath of Tuam. After his ordination he became distinguished for his abstinence and Christian virtues and, in time, was the head, we are told, of 3,000 holy men. St. Brendan, however, is chiefly celebrated for his seven years' legendary voyage to the "Promised Land". This tale was so popular in the middle ages that it appears in different shapes in almost every early European language. It was not only the delight of monks, but it doubtless stirred to daring voyages many a secular man in search of St. Brendan's Isle, "which is not found when it is sought," but was said to be visible at times from the Canaries and also from the Isles of Aran off the coast of Galway, Ireland. The legend of St. Brendan must have been known to Columbus, and, without doubt, helped to send him forth in search of the New World. The

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West Indies, when first seen, were believed to be "The Fortunate Isles," or St. Brendan's Isle; and the Mississippi may have been, in the eyes of the Spanish adventurer De Soto, the very great river which St. Brendan found in the "Land of Promise." There came to St. Brendan one evening, according to the legend, a holy hermit, and when he was questioned he did nought but cast himself on the ground and weep and pray: And when St. Brendan asked him to be comforted, he told him a strange tale: How his nephew had fled far away to sea to be a hermit, and found a desert island, and established a monastery there, and how he himself had gone to see his nephew, and then sailed with him westward to a delicious island, which was called the "Land of Promise of the Saints," wide and grassy, and bearing all manner of fruits; where there were no nights, and how they lived there for a long while without eating and drinking; and when they returned to his nephew's monastery, the brethren knew well where they had been, for the fragrance of Paradise lingered on their garments for nearly forty days. Then St. Brendan, when he heard this marvelous story, called together his most loving fellow-warriors, as he called the brethren, and told them how he had set his heart on seeking that "Promised Land." And accordingly, with fourteen chosen monks, he went up to the top of the famous height on the western coast of Kerry, which is still called Mt. Brendan. And there at the utmost corner of the world, he built him a ship of wattles, and covered it with hides, tanned in oak-bark, and set up in it a mast and sail, and took forty days' provisions, and then commanded his monks to enter the vessel in the name of the Holy Trinity. So they sailed away towards the setting sun, with a fair wind, and had no need to row. No woman, no city, nor nation, was ever seen during this seven years' marvelous voyage. Ideal monasteries and ideal hermits peopled the islands of the western ocean. All beings therein (except demons and giants) were Christians, even to the very birds, and kept the church festivals as eternal laws of nature. The voyage succeeded, not by expert seamanship or geographic knowledge, nor even by chance; but by the miraculous foreknowledge of the Saint, or of those whom he met, and the wanderings of the Greek hero Ulysses or of Sinbad the Sailor, seem almost commonplace in comparison with those of the Irish Saint. In these wanderings are shown perfect innocence, patience and justice; utter faith in Providence, who prospers the innocent and punishes the guilty; ennobling obedience to the Saint, who stands out a truly heroic figure above his trembling crew. At times the brethren were horribly frightened. They had no liking for the "wide expanse of boundless ocean," and often wept bitterly. And they had reason for fear; for their vessel seemed far too small and frail ever to breast the raging waves of the wild Atlantic. They needed constant exhortation and comfort from the holy man who was their captain; they often needed miracles likewise for their preservation. Tempests had to be changed into calm, and contrary winds into fair ones by the prayers of the Saint. But they kept on and on nevertheless year after year; true to their great principle, that "the spirit must conquer the flesh"; and so showed themselves actually braver men (as moral is a higher order of courage than physical)

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than the fierce Vikings who sailed afterwards over the same seas without fear, and without miracles, and who found everywhere on desert islands, or sea washed rocks, around Orkney, Shetland and the Faroe isles, even to Iceland, the cells of those wandering Irish hermits, whose memory still lingers in many of the names in the Orkneys and in the islands off the coast of Iceland, where the first Norse settlers found Irish books, bells and crosiers, the relics of sailor-hermits, who had long since fasted and prayed their last and departed to "another and better world." At length, after many marvels and adventures in the mysterious sea, towards the end of seven years, since last gazing upon the green hills of Erin, they came at evening tide to a profound darkness which lay around the "Promised Land." But, after they had sailed through it for an hour, a great light shown around them, and the vessel stopped at the shore. And when they landed they saw a spacious country, full of trees, bearing delicious fruit. And they walked about that region for forty days, eating of the fruit, and drinking of the fountains, and found no end thereof. And there was no night there, but the light shone continuously like the light of the mid-day sun. At last they came to a great river, which they could not cross, and so could not find out the extent of that mysterious land. And as they were pondering over this, an angel, in the form of a youth with shining face and fair to look upon, met them and greeted them with great joy, calling them each by his own name, and said, "Brethren, peace be with you." Then he told St. Brendan that this was the land which the Irish Saint had been seeking for seven years, and that the latter must now go back to Erin, taking of the fruits of the land, and of its precious gems, as much as his ship would carry; for the days of his return were near, when he should again sleep in peace with his holy brethren in Ireland. But that after many centuries "The Promised Land" should be revealed to his successors, and should be a sure refuge for Christians in persecution; after which, St. Brendan, when the youth had blessed him, took abundantly of the fruits and of the gems, and sailed back through the zone of darkness surrounding the wondrous land and returned to his native country, and when his beloved brethren saw him, they rejoiced exceedingly and glorified God for the many miracles which the Saint had seen and heard during his long and hazardous voyage. St. Brendan, not long after his return to Ireland from his wonderful voyage, founded various monastic and educational establishments, particularly his great monastery of Clonfert (in Galway), where he presided over a large community of holy men who maintained themselves by the labor of their hands. He also founded the nunnery of Annadown, over which he placed his sister St. Briga. It was in this establishment he died in the 95th year of his age, May 16, 578,—the day on which his festival is still observed in the dioceses of Kerry and Clonfert. In Ireland, at least in modern times, the island of St. Brendan is better known under its poetical name of "Hy-Brasail or Isle of the Blest," than under the venerable name of its legendary discoverer. It is under this name it is alluded to in the poems of Thomas Moore, Gerald Griffin and others. Denis Florence McCarthy, the distinguished Irish poet, endeavored to revive an interest in the more ancient and authentic legend

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by his poem entitled "The Voyage of St. Brendan," which is based upon this story. MS. copies of the original Latin legend are to be found in the principal British and continental libraries,—the Imperial library of Paris alone possessing eleven or twelve of them, each differing in some slight degree from the other. One of these, with a prose as well as a metrical translation in the romance language, was published in Paris in 1836. A picturesque version in old English is given in Caxton's "Golden Legende" (London, 1483). There are also versions in Irish, Spanish, Portuguese, German and most of the continental languages. St. Brendan wrote a monastic rule which was long famous in Ireland. His unpublished life, yet preserved in manuscript in the Book of Lismore (A. D. 1400) in the Cottonian Library, is filled with adventures, marvelous tales and miracles about his seven years' navigation to "The Promised Land." That Saint Brendan may have undertaken some such expedition, and visited some of the western and northern islands and, perhaps also landed in America, is quite possible, indeed, probable; for it is certain that the Irish hermits in the early Christian ages found their way to the Hebrides, the Shetlands, the Faroe islands and even to Iceland. During the 6th, 7th and 8th centuries many Celts were daring voyagers and emigrants, fired by love of adventure, missionary zeal or desirous of finding peace and the ideal life "far from the madding crowd's ignoble sway."

**BERKELEY, George**, Anglican Bishop, one of the most eminent prelates and subtle, original, metaphysical philosophers of the 18th century, was born March 12, 1684, at Dysert Castle, on the

banks of the Nore, near Thomastown, County Kilkenny, Ireland. He was a member of the noble house of Berkeley; his mother was a Wolfe, of the same Irish family as Gen. James Wolfe, the hero who (in 1759) fell on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, Canada. George was educated first at Kilkenny school and next at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his master's degree in 1707 and in the fall of the same year was admitted to a Fellowship. He established his reputation as a philosopher by his "New Theory of Vision," published in 1709, and his great work, the "Principles of Human Knowledge," issued three years later. He removed to London, England, in 1713, and there was introduced by his countrymen, Steel and Swift, to many persons of literary and political distinction, his society being courted by eminent men of all parties. He spent most of the next seven years on the continent, first as chaplain and secretary to Lord Peterborough, ambassador to the king of Sicily, and then as tutor and companion to the son of the Irish bishop of Clogher of the Established Church. His journals and letters of this period are preserved, and are replete with careful observations upon men and things, relieved with characteristic Irish humor. On his return to England in 1620 his gentle, kindly nature was shocked and astounded at the excitement concerning the gigantic swindle known as the "South Sea Scheme," and his feelings found vent in an essay on preventing the ruin of Great Britain. His conviction was that the civilization of the Old World was effete and that if European society was to be saved at all it must be by the

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persons composing it becoming individually moral, industrious, frugal, public spirited and religious. He had conceived the idea that it was his duty to emigrate and establish a college in the Bermuda islands for the civilization of America,—“the glories of Europe were past, the hopes of the future rested in the New World.” His famous lines on the “Prospects of Planting Arts and Learning in America,” contain one stanza that may be said to be immortal:

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way,  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last!”

About this time Swift's lady friend, the celebrated “Vanessa,” bequeathed Berkeley 4,000 pounds. In 1724 he was made Dean of Londonderry, Ireland, with an income of 1,100 pounds a year, but soon after in the midst of an easy fortune he finally determined to establish a college in America for the training of ministers for the colonial churches and missionaries for the Indians. For this purpose he returned to London and after long delays and some years' labor and exertions to inspire others with his enthusiasm he procured a charter for a college, 20,000 pounds being voted by the House of Commons for its endowment and about 5,000 pounds more was promised in private subscriptions, and Berkeley threw the whole of his own private means into the undertaking, besides relinquishing all his lucrative church preferments. On the faith of this in a 250 ton vessel, which he had chartered, he set sail for America, September 1728 (taking with him some friends and his newly-wedded wife) to engage in one of the most romantic, educational, moral and philanthropic movements of modern

times. In love with an ideal, academic life in the “eternal summer” of the Bermudas he surrendered large preferment and social position at home in order to devote the remainder of his life to the great continent of the West. After a long passage they finally cast anchor at Newport, R. I., January 23, 1729. Soon after his arrival he purchased a farm of ninety-six acres in a quiet spot near by, built a large house, which he called Whitehall, and settled down to retirement, contemplation and study. The money for the undertaking promised by the English Government was not forthcoming, and visions of the proposed college and his prospective influence over the destinies of America gradually faded away. His residence of nearly three years in Rhode Island was, perhaps, the happiest portion of his life and more than one child was born to him there. Finally, when it was evident that the British Government had no serious intention of sending him the promised grant, he returned to England, leaving his farm to Yale College as an endowment for the encouragement of Greek and Latin scholarships. He also gave Yale College the best collection of books (nearly 1000 volumes) that had ever been brought to America up to that time. Most of these may still be seen in the college library at New Haven, Conn., and also many original papers of Berkeley are yet in the possession of Yale University. Of all who have ever landed on the American shore none were animated by a purer and more self-sacrificing, unselfish spirit than Berkeley. It is for this doubtless more than for any speculative thought that he is now remembered in New England. “R. I. still acknowledges that by his visit, it has

been touched by the halo of a great and sacred reputation." The name of Bishop Berkeley is honored not only at Yale University, where his prizes are yearly bestowed, but also at other institutions of learning all over the Union. The beautiful city of Berkeley, where the State University of California is located, is named in honor of the gentle idealist and philosopher. His philosophical writings are still widely read and his name cherished wherever unselfishness, morality and education are appreciated. At no period of his life did he contribute more copiously to literature than during the two years after his return to England. In 1733 he published the fruits of his quiet studies in America in "Alciphron or the Minute Philosopher," which shows all nature to be the language of God. The work was extremely popular. In January 1734 Berkeley was appointed Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, where he lived during the next eighteen years. The social condition of Ireland attracted much of his attention. His benevolence to the poor in the dark days of famine and disease then so prevalent was boundless. He now divided his time between the duties of his diocese, "which he fulfilled in the most exemplary manner," and his literary labors. Though the primacy of Ireland, with greatly increased salary, was offered him he resolutely declined to accept the same. Devotion to the happiness of his family and elevation of his children was one of his guiding motives. Finding himself infirm in health and desirous of being near his son, who was attending the university at Oxford, England, he removed to that city in 1752, and died there suddenly the next year, January 14th, and thus quietly and painlessly closed in the

midst of his family, one of the purest and most beautiful lives on record. His character was truly great and exemplary, so that the panegyric of Alexander Pope, the celebrated English poet, who said: "Berkeley has every virtue under heaven," approved by his contemporaries, has passed into history. As a scholar and philosopher he ranks high. His "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," in opposition to skeptics and infidels, display great vigor of thought, strength of reasoning and subtle argumentation. He also published the "Minute Philosopher" and many other remarkable works. His widow survived him 33 years and died in her eighty-eighth year. George, his son, born in London, England, in 1733, became a divine of some eminence. The style of Berkeley is very clear and his bold method, original way of thinking and absence of all adhesion to great authorities make his works even now valuable to the student. The peculiar nature of the subjects which he treated has caused them to be misrepresented, so that their true scope is, perhaps, less understood than of any other writings of his day. His splendid abilities and fine courteous manners, combined with his purity and uprightness of character, made him a universal favorite. For exquisite facility of style, his philosophical writings are perhaps the finest in the English language. His "Common-Place Book," containing his thoughts while a student at college on physics and philosophy throws a flood of light on the growth of Berkeley's own early conceptions. In this book is to be found the keen consciousness of possessing an original, creative mind, the application of which will change the whole aspect of speculative science. Thus early

Berkeley conceived that no object exists without mind, "mind is, therefore, the deepest reality." This original idea gave Lord Byron the opportunity to display his wit in the famous couplet:

"When Bishop Berkeley said there is no matter,  
'Tis no matter what he said."

One of the best editions of Berkeley's works is that of Professor Campbell Fraser of Edinburgh, Scotland, who has also written his life. G. H. Lewis says: "To extraordinary merits as a writer and thinker Berkeley unites the most exquisite purity and generosity of character, and it is still a moot-point whether he was greater in head or heart."

**PERRY, Mrs. Sarah**, mother of the hero of the decisive battle of Lake Erie, was born at Newry, County Down, Ireland, in 1768. Her maiden name was Sarah Alexander. Left an orphan at a tender age, she was brought up in her uncle's family and came to the United States at the close of the Revolutionary War. She married soon after, C. R. Perry, a gallant U. S. naval officer. She was the happy mother of five patriotic sons (all of whom became officers and served with distinction in the American Navy) and three daughters. One of her sons, Oliver H. Perry, won the celebrated battle of Lake Erie, which began in the morning and raged till three in the afternoon, when the British fleet had to surrender and, "for the first time in her history, England lost an entire squadron when the British flag was hauled down to the young American hero of twenty-seven." After this famous victory over the enemy, many of those, who had long known Mrs. Perry, claimed it was really the mother's vic-

tory. Another distinguished son, Matthew C. Perry, commanded the U. S. squadron of warships, in 1854, which induced Japan to open her ports to American commerce. One of Mrs. Perry's daughters, Jane T. Perry, married Dr. William Butler and became the mother of Senator Matthew C. Butler of South Carolina, who, in 1898, served as Major-general in the Spanish-American War. Mrs. Perry was a woman of sterling character, excellent judgment as well as rare intellectual and social graces. Her noble example and careful home training in no small degree prepared her children to attain to the high positions they afterwards secured. She died in Connecticut, Dec. 4, 1830.

**ARTHUR, William, Rev.**, Baptist minister, was born at Antrim, Ireland, in 1796. After graduating at Belfast College, Belfast, Ireland, he emigrated to this country and entered the Baptist ministry. He was pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Albany, N. Y. from 1855 to 1863. Subsequently he moved to Schenectady, where he published a magazine, called the *Antiquarian*. He also published a dictionary of family and Christian names in 1857, which had a very large circulation. During his last years he devoted considerable of his time to literary work. He was a profound scholar in sacred and secular history and in the classics. He died in 1875. Chester A. Arthur, his distinguished son, became successively brigadier-general, inspector-general and quartermaster-general during the Civil War, and, in July, 1881, on the death of James A. Garfield, he was sworn into office as president of the United States.



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